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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

LAST Saturday M. Poincaré delivered at Senlis, with oblique reference to Mr. Baldwin's statement, one of his fiercer orations, to the effect that he will never make one single concession. The Paris journals applauded his firmness. But on Monday the Quai d'Orsay, not quite liking the effect on the British Press, inspired a few comfortable phrases to the effect that the forthcoming British draft need not be regarded as definitely rejected in advance. This, in itself, may not mean very much. It is obviously sound diplomacy for France to echo Mr. Baldwin's polite tones, so long as no actual concessions are involved. On the next day the French Ambassador secured a promise from Lord Curzon that the British draft Note to Germany should be kept secret for the present (which usually means complete silence in London and calculated leakage in Paris).

THE British draft itself, together with the covering note or notes to France and other Allies, was before the Cabinet on Thursday; but, for the reason given above, nothing authoritative regarding its contents is likely to be known for some days. Meanwhile, the diplomatic situation is consolidating itself in our favour in a way which must, for all the bluster at Senlis, affect the French attitude somewhat. Dr. Benes's representations have indicated that the Little Entente prefers moderation, and cannot be relied on to support French intransigeance. Belgium is manifestly ready to go almost any length to avoid a break with this country. Italy, definitely detached from France, stands beside Great Britain. If, in view of these developments, it becomes a problem of saving faces, the formula is worth groping for. If, on the other hand, it is finally manifest that an equitable settlement is the one thing France will not have, then Mr. Baldwin's only course is to do what he is believed to intend—publish all the documents from the questionnaire of June 10th onwards and make a challenging appeal to the conscience and the good sense of the world. What effect even that would have on France is doubtful enough. But it is the right line and the only line to take, France or no France.

It is announced that the treaty of peace between the Allied Powers and Turkey will be signed next Tues-

day. That is a little nearer finality than we have yet attained; but he would be a rash man who assumes on the strength of such an announcement that the troubles at Lausanne are really ended. The peace of a fortnight ago proved as little peace as the all-but settlement on that dramatic February night when Lord Curzon's train waited while Ismet Pasha held his last card ten minutes too long in his hand. Of the three points of the agreement of Monday of last week two were back in the melting-pot by the Thursday, and only further compromises-not, it is true, of great substance-by the Allies in the matter of concessions and the temporary naval guard in Turkish waters smoothed the road once again for the signature of the treaty. The closing phase of the discussions was marked by a curious reassertion by the American "Observer" of America's freedom of action in the matter of the Turkish Petroleum Company's concession, a question on which full agreement was understood to have been established by the admission of the Standard Oil Company to an equal share with this country and France in a concession that was originally 75 per cent. British and 25 per cent. French. The American declaration may have been merely formal, but it drew from Sir Horace Rumbold an expression of dissent. If it was more than that it chimes ill with the attitude which the American representatives adopted throughout the Conference.

In securing the support of the Chamber for his new electoral law Signor Benito Mussolini has gone one step further towards making any reversion to constitutionalism in Italy impossible without bloodshed. The franchise is being deliberately rigged to establish Fascism in power indefinitely. By a travesty of proportional representation the whole of Italy has been made into one constituency, and the party gaining a clear majority of votes gets two-thirds of the seats in the Chamber. The day may conceivably come when that party will not be the Fascisti; but so far as the immediate future is concerned, Signor Mussolini has looked after himself quite effectively. In the industrial north, where the solid voting strength of Italy lies, there were two excellent papers which steadfastly refused to bow the knee to the new creed. One of them, "Il Secolo," has been

bought with Fascist money, and its long tradition as the exponent of moderate Socialism of the Bissolati type ended. The other, "Il Corriere della Sera," maintains a precarious existence in the face of open threats of violence against its premises, its plant, and its proprietor, Senator Albertini. Politically the Socialists are no match for Mussolini's party, and the Popular Party, no longer officially inspired by Don Sturzo, has wavered and split on the question of adherence to a Fascist Government till even the anti-Fascist element in it is formidable no longer. Materially the country has in many respects gained under Mussolini's autocracy; but it is a strange Italy that thus callously jettisons the last pretence of political freedom.

Before leaving London last week Dr. Benes signed a commercial treaty between Great Britain and Czecho-Slovakia. The Agreement—the first contracted between the two countries-is of importance as effecting the destruction of some at least of the barriers with which Czecho-Slovakia, like other Central European States, has surrounded herself. The treaty, which Dr. Benes himself has described comprehensively as sweeping away the existing system of prohibitions and licences and substituting practically unhindered commercial relations, is to be supplemented by similar arrangements with Belgium and other countries. This is a good deal more than a beau geste in view of Czecho-Slovakia's growing commercial importance; but more valuable still than these long-distance agreements would be the completion of a series of similar accords with Czecho-Slovakia's immediate neighbours. The commercial treaty with Austria, for example, is not yet signed, though it was promised almost twelve months ago, when the Austrian reconstruction scheme was under discussion at Geneva. However, Dr. Benes himself appears to be fully alive to the need for removing trade obstacles, and if he can secure the adoption of the Hungarian loan scheme, by modifying the opposition of the Little Entente, he will have done much for the commercial recovery of the Succession States.

LORD ROBERT CECIL and the sub-committee of the League Armaments Commission, which is hammering out the final details of the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee, have been holding important meetings in London this week. To speak of final details is perhaps a little premature; for what has been actually in question is the possibility of combining the French demand for special understandings with Lord Robert's insistence on The two are not irreconcilable, a general scheme. though the Italians are clearly right in looking with grave suspicion on any arrangement that permits of sectional groupings such as brought Europe to destruction in 1914. At the same time special understandings actually and openly exist—the Little Entente is a conspicuous but by no means a solitary example—and unless they can be swept away, which is certainly impracticable at the moment, there is much to be said for bringing them within the general plan and giving the League Council some authority over them. If a workable scheme embodying both the Cecil view and the French view can be presented, as it is hoped, to the League Assembly in October, the several Governments, our own included, will have to face their responsibilities in the matter much more seriously than they have so far appeared to do. The twofold object of the

Treaty scheme is security and disarmament—the latter made possible by the former—but the immediate importance of the proposals lies in their possible relation to Germany. The general guarantee, with or without a special ad hoc agreement embodied in it, would give France and Germany reciprocally all the security either is entitled to demand.

On Monday last the First Lord of the Admiralty stated categorically that: "It was clearly understood by all the Delegations at the Washington Conference that we were retaining full freedom of action as regards Singapore." This may be so; but the statement will do little to allay Liberal uneasiness. The real objection to the development of the new base is not that it violates any pledge implicit in the Washington Treaty, but that it imperis the new atmosphere of concord in the Pacific which that Treaty created, and which will do more than any armaments to safeguard our Eastern trade and Dominions. The Government have committed a grave blunder in policy, and must not be allowed to cover it up merely by repelling an accusation of bad faith.

On Tuesday night an important meeting of Free Traders took place at the House of Commons. It was non-party in character, including members of both the Liberal and National Liberal Parties and of the Labour Party, and also some Unionist Free Traders. Mr. Asquith, Sir John Simon, Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Pringle, Colonel Wedgwood, and Mr. Austin Hopkinson were all present. It was decided to form a permanent Free Trade Committee, consisting of Members of both Houses, for the defence of Free Trade. The special danger which has caused this defensive step to be taken is the threatened attack on Free Trade at the Imperial Economic Conference in the autumn. Some of the Dominion Prime Ministers have intimated that they intend to press for an extension of the system of Imperial Preference. As Mr. Asquith pointed out at the meeting, Imperial Preference is impossible without taxes on imported goods, and must be a fraud and a sham without a tax on imported food. We have a Protectionist Government in office, and there is a real peril that it may regard the economic condition of Europe and the depressed state of British agriculture as an opportunity, which may never recur, for launching a tariff policy. Free Traders, whatever their differences on other matters, must, therefore, close their ranks.

When we went to press last week it seemed certain that the dockers' strike was at an end, for at Birkenhead, Bristol, Avonmouth, and Cardiff an actual decition to resume work had been taken, while, most important of all, the unofficial strike committee had advised the London men to obey their union and return. It was a most unexpected and unfortunate turn of events when the London men deposed this strike committee for giving such advice and elected another. The Mersey dockers have left work again, and there, as well as at London, Manchester, and Hull, the ports are still practically at a standstill. However, as the result of a meeting between the union officials and the various strike committees, the situation is at the moment more hopeful, and before this is in the hands of our readers the men may have returned to work. On the other hand, they may remain obstinately deaf to sound advice, for they have completely thrown over the union leaders, and having come out on their own, and not merely at the dictation of officials, they have the added esprit de corps which is born of reckless, voluntary, and independent action. Their criticisms of the cost-of-living index number may justly be met by an inquiry, but the public, while remaining sympathetic to the claims of the casual worker, should on no account permit personal inconvenience to interfere with the enforcement of those formal agreements which are the basis of all collective bargaining; and although there can be only one end to this affair, personal inconvenience may well ensue if the strikers remain obstinate.

A FORTNIGHT ago, in accordance with their rules, the Boilermakers' Society, after the present lock-out had continued for nearly two months, took a new ballot to ascertain whether the policy of resistance was still supported by their members. The required two-thirds majority was obtained, and it seemed that no move could be expected from the men's side for some little time. The news that the union has definitely approached the Minister of Labour with a view to mediation, is therefore specially welcome. It is rather much to expect the employers to offer discriminating terms to the Boilermakers as against all the other unions which have accepted the national overtime and night-shift agreement. Nevertheless, the early withdrawal of the Boilermakers' representative from the joint negotiating committee may have resulted in inadequate attention being paid to the peculiar conditions of boiler-shop work. It is along such lines that the Minister for Labour will find the best opening for mediation. The position admits of no delay: much repair work has been diverted to the Continent, and irreparable damage may be done to the whole shipbuilding industry if the dispute is not soon ended.

THE Congress of Philosophy held at Durham during the week-end affords welcome evidence of the vitality of a branch of learning which, in recent years, has fallen upon somewhat evil days. The ancient province of philosophy has been invaded by physics on the one side and by psychology on the other, and the encroachments of these newcomers have been so extensive that doubts have been raised as to whether philosophy has any special function left to perform, or any sphere which she may legitimately call her own. These doubts may well have been silenced at Durham. A hundred philosophers of every shade of opinion gathered together from all parts of England and Scotland to contend against each other in a series of Symposia which lasted over two days. The methods pursued were, for the most part, those of traditional philosophy, but the influence of recent developments in mathematical physics was apparent in a number of papers on "The Problem of Simultaneity," including a contribution from the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. Perhaps the most interesting session was that in which the Dean of St. Paul's eloquently defended the conception of mysticism which has come down to us from the ancient Greeks, and violently denounced the attempt to dispense with mysticism made by the Italian philosophers, Croce and Gentile.

OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT Writes:-

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"We are now in the midst of the docking dispute threatened two weeks ago. According to employers it is a strike, but the Labour Party, with more reason, describe it as a lock-out. There is said to be no enthusiasm for it on the part of the workers, which is easy to believe. On the other hand, they are not at all likely to give in quickly, and there is every prospect of a prolonged stoppage, the effects of which must be disastrous to Irish trade. Stocks are very low owing to the precarious conditions in the country, and it is more than likely that certain essential supplies may run short in two or three weeks. Meanwhile, Larkin is gaining daily in strength, and the Government appear to be using the occasion to increase the vigour of their resistance to the constitutional Labour Party. The wisdom of this strategy is very much open to question. It has been successful for the moment in breaking down Parliamentary opposition to the Public Safety Bill by insisting upon all-night sittings (which are impossible for so small an opposition)-but by this very fact it has probably aroused very strong feeling in the country, and increased the danger (which unfortunately is always present) of violent extra-constitutional action. The election prospects remain obscure, but the reorganized Sinn Fein Party, which really represents the Republican point of view shorn of the threat of civil war, is attracting good audiences and seems likely to make very considerable headway in the next few months, especially if the labour situation remains unsatisfactory."

Final arrangements have now been made for the Liberal Summer School to be held at Cambridge from August 2nd to August 9th, with the objects discussed in an article on "The Spirit of Liberalism" which appears on another page of this issue. Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, Lord Pentland, Mr. E. H. Gilpin, Lieut-Commander Hilton Young, Sir Donald Maclean, Lady Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Wintringham, and Viscount Gladstone will take the chair at various sessions, which are announced as follows:—

Aug. 2nd-Inaugural Address, Gilbert Murray.

- The Education of Democracy, Miss V.

 Markham;
 - A National Industrial Council, A. D. McNair.
- 7, 4th—A Liberal Financial Policy, W. T. Layton; The Problem of Housing, E. D. Simon; Education, Prof. Campagnac.
- ,, 6th—Finance of Local Government, Lord Meston; A Town's Management, Arthur Collins; Cambridge (with lantern), Dr. Cranage.
- ,, 7th—Property and Inheritance, Prof. H. Clay; Socialism, Hon. R. H. Brand; National Education, Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher.
- 7, 8th—British Industry, Sir Peter Rylands;
 The Trade Cycle and Unemployment, D. H.
 Robertson;
 Currency and Unemployment, J. M. Keynes.
- 7, 9th—Agriculture, Sir Henry Rew;
 The Agricultural Labourer, G. Nicholls;
 Valedictory Address, Rt. Hon. H. Asquith

Enrolment of members for this important gathering will be continued until August 4th by Mr. T. F. Tweed, Liberal Summer Schools, 16, Princess Street, Manchester, from whom particulars can be obtained of cheap fares and cheap accommodation. Young Liberals will be able to see and hear most of their leaders, and to taste the pleasures and beauties of a Cambridge August. With our issue for August 11th, we shall publish a special supplement containing reports of the principal addresses given at the School.

HINTS FOR SOCIALISTS.

THE Labour Party seem to us to have missed a great opportunity. At a time when a severe and prolonged depression of trade has shown "the Capitalist system" at its weakest and most wasteful, they have persuaded the House of Commons to turn aside for two days from its customary tasks to resolve itself into a kind of school debating club, and to discuss in the most general terms the shortcomings of the existing order of society. Here was a golden chance for penetrating criticism, for up-todate analysis, for forceful and sagacious plans of reform. But the fetters of history proved too strong: the motion in which the Labour Party's attack was embodied reproduced, with only slight changes of form, the shop-worn dogmas of the countless sectarian gatherings of the past half-century, and so proved incapable of spirited defence, and almost equally unprovocative of illuminating opposition. The debate, therefore, was in the main uninteresting and flat.

The weakness of the Labour Party's method of approach seems to arise ultimately from a resolute reluctance to disentangle in thought the two senses of the Capitalism is a technical order of word Capitalism. industry, under which goods are produced in large masses by elaborate and costly machinery: it is also a juridical order, under which the ownership of these instruments and the responsibility for their use are left in the main in private hands. We shall never get on unless we try to make up our minds how far the diseases of our society are due to the existence of Capitalism in the technical sense, which, so far as any of us can see, has come to stay; and how far they are due to a system of property rights which is, at any rate in theory, alterable by legislation. This is not an easy question to decide, and there is room for much interesting difference of opinion upon it: but to shirk it by indiscriminate attacks upon the "effects of Capitalism" is to make oneself an easy prey. The Labour Party ought not to have laid themselves open at this time of day to Mr. Amery's obvious truisms about our dependence on foreign trade, or to the same speaker's puerilities about redressing the balance of production by a policy of agricultural protection.

Now to begin with, it is clear that the technique of Capitalist production requires a degree of specialization and a strictness of discipline which are bound to be distasteful, and which involve some sacrifice of the quality of human life. No way has been suggested by which increasing comfort can be procured for increasing numbers except through a further development of this technique; and the experience both of nationalized industry and of the co-operative movement abundantly shows that the consequent imperfections of modern society are not bound up with a particular system of property rights. In theory the Labour movement, in this as in other countries, has laid in recent years increasing stress on this very point; and in the motion debated on "democratic control" was added to Monday " private ownership" of the instruments of production and distribution on the sign-post pointing to the Yet, so far as we can discover, no promised land. speaker from the Labour benches made any attempt to face this root problem of the reconciliation of technical efficiency with personal freedom. Champion after champion spoke as though a recasting of property rights would in some way automatically transform the status of the manual worker and settle for ever the fight between man and the machine. It was left for Sir John Simon to point out that "the most important thing of all is to humanize industry,"-a phrase which may mean much or little, but which does at any rate recognize that there are deeper problems involved than those of property law.

The same defect of analysis seems to us to account for the Labour Party's failure to make effective use of their trump card,-the chronic instability of industry and the gross wastefulness involved in recurrent trade depression. So long as these evils are laid vaguely at the door of "the whole Capitalist system," it is always possible to reply, as Sir John Simon replied, that the matter must be judged as a whole, and that on the balance "the Capitalist system" has led to a vast improvement in the standard of life of the manual workers. And it is possible to add, as Mr. Lloyd George added, that in recent years at any rate Capitalist society has intervened on an increasingly generous scale to counteract and to assuage the maladies for which it has been held responsible. What Labour requires to show, in order to make good its indictment, is that the evils of instability are not inseparable from the technique of mass production, but are exclusively the product of the system of private ownership.

Now, it is unlikely in our view that cause could ever be shown for holding such a belief in its entirety. Mass production almost necessarily means production in anticipation of demand; and since fashions change, and Nature is fickle, errors in the forecasting of demand are scarcely to be avoided, whoever owns and controls the apparatus of industry. Further, the production of the expensive and complicated modern instruments of production and transport (such as railways, machinery, and ships) is almost bound to be in a certain measure jerky and discontinuous, and is peculiarly liable to swift and violent revolutions of technique. When so many sources of instability exist, it is not plausible to lay the whole

blame on methods of ownership.

But this is by no means the whole story. Labour might very reasonably set out to prove is that the instability of industry is unnecessarily aggravated by certain features of the existing system of property ownership and administration, and that a remedy may sensibly be sought in directions which, if they do not fall within the four walls of the Labour Party's motion, may fairly be classed as "Socialistic." Let us try to indicate some of the lines along which, as it seems to us, the Labour Party, if they had played their trump card of unemployment skilfully, might have developed a damaging and fruitful criticism of our social arrangements.

In the first place, it is curious that in the Labour Party's motion the "means of exchange" should have been dropped from the time-honoured trinity to which the medicine of public ownership is to be applied, and this at a time when thoughtful non-Labour opinion is everywhere turning more and more towards an extension of collective control in the public interest over the operations of banking and credit-manufacture. What capital the Labour leaders, if they had been better briefed, could have made out of the vagaries of our so-called standard of value, -out of the strains and disharmonies which the recklessness of the trader and the conservatism of the banker combine to impart to our social order through the medium of our monetary system! Here is a field in which a little constructive criticism would have met with a cordial welcome from those who are left cold by vague denunciations of the "Capitalist system as a whole."

But the Labour Party might well have gone further, and urged that, apart from the question of the general price-level, the prices and outputs of certain individual commodities area llowed to fluctuate beyond all reason

and necessity. When all allowance has been made for changes in fashion and technique, when all has been said that should be said about allowing the consumer to dictate the course of production, it remains true that the world requires about as much copper and oil, about as much wool and rubber, in one year as in another, and that the violent oscillations of output which actually occur are mischievous and wasteful. Once more we do not believe that the remedy is simple, or that its name is public ownership: only that if the Labour Party were to make a sustained attempt to reinterpret their conception of Socialism in the light of the history (say) of B.A.W.R.A. (the British-Australian Wool-Realization Association) and of the Stevenson Rubber Committee, they might not only find that the divergence of view between them and their business critics is less than is often supposed, but might ultimately perform a great constructive service. For they might succeed in pointing out a way by which the superior financial strength and waiting-power of Government could be legitimately used to assist in the carriage of stocks of goods and in the conduct of business operations which involve no real risk in the long run, but by which the wealthiest and bravest private enterpriser is rightly daunted. In place of what Sir John Simon called the strait waistcoat of nationalization they might succeed, out of the same philosophical materials, in constructing something which the business world would accept as a helpful corset.

There remains the question of the incidence of the burden of industrial instability, a matter so important that we shall return to it on a future occasion.

MR. BALDWIN'S PRELUDE.

By J. M. KEYNES

MR. BALDWIN'S statement may be the beginning of everything or of nothing. Is it the first bar of a completed tune? Or is he just humming to himself as he goes along, improvizing note by note? Does he speak so softly at the outset for softness' sake or by reason of formidable things to come? Is it the feelings of France he seeks to spare or the feelings of his own colleagues in his own Cabinet?

It may be some time yet before we have the answer, quite for certain. Meanwhile, Mr. Baldwin has, at least, surrendered nothing, and time, though it works dangerously in Germany, brings an ever-increasing weight of public opinion in Great Britain, in the United States, in Belgium, even in France underneath the concealing crust of the subsidized Paris Press, to support the voices of moderation.

Words in this case are important in a rare degree. Our task is to create psychological, not material, combinations. We have no intention in any circumstances of applying force to France. France, if she chooses, can ruin Europe, and we cannot prevent her. The inducements of friendship and generosity being, for the moment, useless, Mr. Baldwin can make no progress unless he alarms France. His task is to alarm her without irritating her; and without bluff. He treads a delicate path, armed with the prayers of his countrymen and of prudent men everywhere, and with that simplicity which is not simplicity, granted to Englishmen from of old for the confusion of Continental logicians.

His strength lies in the facts. If France could see them clearly, she would be alarmed,-alarmed not by us but by them. Our task is to foreshadow to her the real consequences of what she deems success. As Paris sleeps by night, we must raise forebodings to assail her mind, and spectres from the future she is creating. Her soldiers must see their forces dissipated, their exposed surface increasing, their scattered outposts victims of the guerilla; her diplomatists must anticipate an isolation gradually complete; her economists, the financial exhaustion of the Government and the destruction of the rentier by the instrument of inflation; and her bourgeois, the annihilation beyond the Rhine of the old forms of society and the advance of new forms from the East. It is not the policy or the resources of Great Britain, but these matters, which threaten France. Our instrument for making her see them must be the force and sincerity with which we state and act upon our own prevision. This may bring us into open opposition to the Government of France. But we cannot succeed in our objects unless the atmosphere we thus create serves to awaken the alarm of France, not about us, who, in the last resort, will remain passive, but about what is really alarming.

Whilst we alarm France, we must reassure Germany. M. Poincaré is calculating upon the early collapse of German resistance; and he may be right. He is delighted that Mr. Baldwin should exhaust time in the exercises of politeness, because he hopes that meanwhile events will settle themselves in his favour. British opinion does not reckon enough with this possibility, or face with sufficient frankness the need to encourage Germany. We do not want German resistance to break down. Lord Curzon would regard the fall of Cuno's Government and capitulation in the Ruhr as the worst news he could receive. The more slowly we move with France, the more necessary it is to give some slight comfort to Germany and to render a little support to the prestige of her existing régime. It is difficult to do this in a manner which is not distasteful to important sections of British opinion, and Germany must be content therefore with a few hints, gathering her comfort more from what Mr. Baldwin did not say than from what he did.

It is impossible for Great Britain to be strictly neutral in the matter of the Ruhr, unless she remains passive and gives up the idea of having a policy of her own. If we oppose France in the Ruhr, we must admit that this means giving an, at least indirect, encouragement to Germany. British opinion moves from its old moorings very slowly and very reluctantly, and not at all, unless the progress of events compels it. This is the tactical strength of M. Poincaré's position; -he can still trade on the capital of the past, can still be outrageous with impunity by drawing on the accumulated stock of old loyalties. But if the British public become convinced beyond a doubt that he does not deserve their confidence, the balance of European politics will suffer an extraordinary change. Great Britain has never yet, since the Armistice, exercised her authority, because she has never felt sufficiently certain where her true course lay. This passivity, based on doubt rather than on

weakness, has bred an illusion in France as to the weight of such authority if it is used.

The immediate danger, whilst diplomacy follows its slow and winding course, springs from the weakness of Germany,-from the deterioration of her economic life and the present mentality of her people. The economic effect of the Ruhr occupation is cumulative, and gets worse by lasting longer,-mainly because of the enormous expenditure in which the support of the Ruhr industrialists and workers involves the Berlin Government. Taxing by means of inflation is now almost the only serious source of revenue. They used to raise in this way the equivalent of about £1,000,000 a week; they are now trying to raise by it nearly £3,000,000 a week. The result is a complete breakdown of the currency, and a point may soon arrive when enough real resources cannot be raised to carry on the Government and to support the Ruhr resistance, however many notes may be printed. That is to say, the Berlin Government may become literally bankrupt. The inevitable difficulties of the situation are rendered worse by the facts that the financial direction at headquarters is weak and that the old-fashioned management of the Reichsbank is not equal to its new problems. The only favourable factor is the time of year,-with the new harvest at hand and the season of cold still some months away.

Meanwhile, half the population is torn and divided against itself by fierce political dissensions, and the other half is apathetic. Neither the Nationalists, nor the Industrialists, nor the Communists, nor the makeshift compromise which governs, command the enthusiasm of generous and independent minds. The national spirit flickers, and burns nowhere with a pure flame. Disgust, disillusion, and despair have joined to weaken the sense of public spirit. The most significant feature of modern Germany is to be found in the inclination of the youth to avert their minds altogether from the political and economic problems of their country, to abandon "Realpolitik" in toto, to become indifferentists to national questions, and to find elsewhere the springs of activity and enthusiasm.

M. Poincaré's confidence that German resistance can be broken down is, therefore, not without some grounds. Naturally he is content that the diplomatic situation should develop as slowly as possible. So long as he can maintain the status quo without conceding anything substantial, he will doubtless do what he can to avoid an abrupt breach. He reckons that divided opinions in the Cabinet and the Tory Party may cause Mr. Baldwin to move so slowly that he will be too late.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERALISM.

The approaching meeting of the Liberal Summer School, which will be held at Cambridge from August 2nd to August 9th, provides a convenient opportunity for taking stock of the Liberal Party. In doing so it is desirable to be frank about our position. The facts are too open and palpable to permit us to take refuge in commonplaces about the swing of the pendulum and the inevitability of the flowing tide. Political organizations are not immortal. Like other systems, they have their day

and cease to be. In so far as they simply represent definite attainable ends, they are, ipso facto, sterile when those ends are attained; and in so far as they represent a spirit, a frame of mind, an attitude towards the government of human affairs, they may become obsolete by the failure of the original motive power and inspiration or by the drift of those influences to other instruments of action.

It would be useless to pretend that the Liberal Party is not threatened by one or both of these forms of decay. We cannot be indifferent to the emergence of a new vehicle of political power which is withdrawing from us the currents of energy and youthful enthusiasm which in former times vitalized the Liberal Party and enabled it to recover from disaster with reinvigorated strength. The life of a political party consists in the power of its appeal to the young, the ardent, and the hopeful, to those who do not dwell in the past but who carry the torch of ideas into the future. Has the Liberal Party lost that appeal permanently? That it has lost it temporarily can hardly be doubted. It is in danger of becoming a party of elderly people, an Old Guard of antique warriors lingering superfluous on a stage on which the great drama of events passes them by.

We are apt to forget that the generation which is coming into political power in this country is a generation to which the spirit and ideas of Liberalism are a sealed book. The man who is twenty-five to-day was only a boy in August, 1914. All that part of his life which counts politically has been spent in a world of tumult and violence, from which reason has fled, and in which systems and institutions, that to his elders had seemed impregnable, have collapsed like houses of cards. The political traditions and ideas to which the preceding generation was habituated, are to him not even a memory. For all practical purposes they are remote as the Cæsars. He finds a world that has been swept by a tempest that has obliterated all landmarks and washed out all the footprints of the past. Liberalism is something that he may have heard his father talk about with respect, much as he may have heard him talk about the great doings of Caffyn or W. G. Grace at the wicket. But it is a tale of little meaning, belonging to a world of which he has no knowledge, and irrelevant to the fierce and naked realities of life into which he is cast. If he is impatient, as he well may be, with the wreckage that he inherits, he is disposed to judge the old parties a little summarily by their fruits, and to turn to a party which, not being damned by a past, can be accepted on the face value of its promises.

This is roughly the tendency at the moment, and under its influence even some well-known advocates of the Liberal Party in the past are writing its obituary in the sympathetic pages of the "Spectator" and elsewhere with apparently undisguised satisfaction. I think this announcement of the decease of the Liberal Party is premature. The patient is certainly run down. How could he fail to be run down after nearly ten years of stagnation and paralysis in a world that repudiated every sanction by which he lived and flourished? But sorely though it has been smitten by the war and internal disruption, the Liberal Party is not dead, and it will not die so long as the principle which gave it life in the past works in it more effectively than it works elsewhere.

I say the principle rather than the creed. If the Liberal Party is only an embodied creed, it might reasonably be said to have had its day, at all events in е

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so far as the domestic field is concerned. Those of us who came into political consciousness under the shadow of the great name of Gladstone saw Liberalism summed up in certain definite demands which have been largely accomplished. The civil and religious equality, the ideal political democracy, which was the goal of Victorian Liberalism, has been won. It has been won without bringing us perceptibly nearer the millennium than we were before. This is not a reflection on the wisdom of the past. Political equality is none the less good and necessary a thing because it has not opened to us the Garden of Eden. If it had not been accomplished it would still have to be accomplished, and there is no party in the State that could, with the prospect of surviving the experiment, propose to retrace the path that Liberalism has traversed since 1832. But the fact remains that the achievement of political equality has not solved the problems of society. It has removed an irritant from the body politic, and has created a more flexible and responsive instrument for the redress of grievances and the remedy of disorders. But it has not been the cure-all that its advocates of the old Manchester tradition expected it to be, and if it expressed all that the Liberal Party had to say to the social discontents of the time, there would be truth in the suggestion that the work of that Party was done and that it had become a creed outworn.

But Liberalism is not a creed that, in fulfilling itself, extinguishes itself. It is a spirit, an attitude of mind, a principle of action of infinite application to the changing conditions of society. It cannot be exhausted, because it is essential to the life of the community; and if it is banished from one political organism it will spring to activity in another. It is the idea that this has actually happened that has led many sincere and ardent spirits who were once connected with the Liberal Party to throw in their lot with Labour. It is the same fact which is attracting so much of the youth of the country in the same direction. There is a feeling that the Liberal Party in creating the machine has finished its task, and that it is too much involved in the interests of property and an extreme conception of individualism to set the machine in motion. The demand of the time is for a new and better social order, for a radical readjustment of the industrial and social relationships of the community; and it is felt that that demand is not met by the Liberal Party as it is to-day.

If that were the case there would be no course for people who were in earnest but to ally themselves with the Labour Party and to endeavour to make it the true vehicle of that Radicalism which is the permanent and prevailing current of English thought. But the Labour Party has two characteristics which prevent it from becoming the channel of the Liberal tradition. On its intellectual side it is dominated by an abstract and doctrinaire Socialism which is contrary to the whole practical and experimental genius of the race. ridden by theories which when brought on to the floor of the House, as in the case of Mr. Snowden's motion on the socialization of industry, are shown to have little relation to the world we live in. On the other hand, the mass of the party is made up of people who approach the great problems of our common life from the narrow ground of trade-union interests. They represent class politics viewed from one angle, as the Tories represent

class politics viewed from another.

This is not the medium through which Liberalism—which, truly understood, knows nothing of class interests, but approaches every issue from the point of

view of the well-being of the community as a whole can express itself in action. Nor would it have withdrawn so much vital force from the Liberal Party if that party had addressed itself with more courage to the great unsolved industrial problems of society. It is in regard to these problems mainly, and not on such questions as external policy, Free Trade, anti-militarism, and so on, that the issue between Liberalism and Labour rests; and it should be the task of the Liberal Party to show that the spirit of Liberalism can provide the solution, which, while rejecting cut-and-dried Socialism, is prepared to apply any expedient, whether of public ownership or private initiative or a mingling of the two, that the infinitely various conditions of industry make necessary in the common interest. That interest is the acid test of Liberalism, and no other political organism embodies it. But the Liberal Party has failed to state its case and to apply its spirit with the thoroughness that the Labour Party has shown. For forty years the Fabians, under the leadership of the Webbs, with their unrivalled knowledge, have been doing hard, constructive thinking on all the social and industrial problems of the time. Meanwhile, the Liberal Party has produced no body of expert literature comparable with that of the Webbs, Tawney, Cole, and others.

It was to supply this solid groundwork of thought and knowledge that the Liberal Summer School movement was started at Grasmere in September, 1921. It came out of the ranks, as all great movements should come, and addressed itself to the task of applying the philosophy of Liberalism to all the urgent domestic issues that perplex society. It draws its strength, not from official sources, but from the new thought of the Party, from business men with experience of public government, from men from the Universities and the Civil Service with special knowledge of political affairs, and from historians, economists, and journalists. The conference at Grasmere, where the discussions often took place on the hills, and were even continued in the tarns, elected a Committee, which has, at regular intervals, held week-end conferences on specific subjects. Last year the movement assumed a new magnitude with the Summer School at Oxford, attended by five hundred Liberals from all parts of the country. Mr. Asquith, who, with Lord Grey, visited the School, has referred to the Oxford Volume, recording the discussions and proceedings, as constituting in itself a Liberal industrial and social pro-There is every prospect that the Summer School at Cambridge this year will mark a still further advance in the scope and appeal of the movement. There will be fifteen lectures dealing with Home Affairs, and the object is to study intensely those aspects of policy which most directly affect the life of the people. The spirit of the movement has been best expressed in Mr. Ramsay Muir's two books, "Liberalism and Industry" and "Politics and Progress." The author has been perhaps the most active spirit in this remarkable revival, which promises to provide the Liberal Party with a body of thought as full of practical idealism as that which has emanated from the Labour Party, but, unlike much of the Labour writing, tempered and

informed by intimate experience of affairs.

It should be superfluous to commend this movement to the support of the readers of The Nation and The Atheneum. To adapt a famous phrase, Liberalism can save the State and nothing else can. But it must be the real thing and not empty rhetoric. It must be rooted in hard thinking, and it must pursue the great argument of the public good whithersoever it leads.

LIFE AND POLITICS

MR. BALDWIN's statement, in spite of the Procrustean treatment it received while it was being wrenched and pruned into its final form, has provoked rumbles of discontent among the Diehards. To certain sections of the Conservative Party in the House, in the caucus, and even in the Cabinet itself, any criticism of France is mere "pro-Germanism," and therefore to be abhorred. The potentialities of Diehard influence, however, are strictly limited. Mr. Baldwin has the backing of Lord Curzon and of all the Conservative Ministers whose positions are not disproportionate to their capacities. A new "B. M. G." campaign is therefore impossible. The Diehards could only provoke an open split at the risk of forcing another Coalition from which they would be excluded; and they cannot have failed to observe that the mouths of some of the old Coalitionists seem already to be watering at the mere prospect. The real danger is that Mr. Baldwin, who is a good party man, may try too hard to make the best of two incompatible worlds, and that his policy may be dulled and blunted in consequence. M. Poincaré at least knows which note he means to strike, and hits it hard and true every time; and unless Mr. Baldwin does the same he will be at a serious disadvantage.

On Monday, July 16th, had we been Frenchmen. we might have celebrated the bicentenary of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most famous, if not the greatest, of English painters. But the fact that little notice has been taken of his bicentenary does not mean that he is insufficiently admired. On the contrary, he holds a most exalted position in all patriotic minds. The first President of the Royal Academy, he is the standing proof of how much can be accomplished by those blessed with an infinite capacity for taking pains. What a joy it would be if his successors in the Academy had possessed one tithe of his industry! He lacked the brilliant flair of Gainsborough, but nearly every one of his canvases displays honest thought and a genuine attempt to grapple with a problem in composition. By long, arduous, uninspired toil, he really learned at last how and where to put a figure on to a canvas. Admiration for Sir Joshua is more moral than æsthetic. But he was a man very varied in his accomplishments. His lectures, especially when read along with the admirable commentary of Mr. Roger Fry, reveal him as a considerable æsthetician, while, as Mr. Bell wittily if cruelly puts it, his prose contains a quality often lacking in his painting, luminosity. Ordinary people know a good deal about Sir Joshua, from the trouble Boswell took over him in the Life. The company that gathered round Dr. Johnson may not have cared much about the painter, but they had the wit to see that the author of the "Discourses" deserved a place at the same table with Burke, Gibbon, Boswell, Goldsmith, and the Doctor himself. For he floats along in the very middle of the great stream of English prose.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:-

"The Archbishop of Canterbury last week gave a broad hint that the choice of bishops has not been the personal task of the Prime Minister lately, quite in the way we used to suppose. Liverpool and Chelmsford are now under consideration, and if the balance of forces is to be preserved, whoever is responsible for the choice will be faced with a difficulty. After all, the outside world

will think of the responsibility of the Government in these matters, and successors to Dr. Chavasse and Dr. Watts-Ditchfield will probably be chosen rather less directly on party grounds, though in both cases the choice was fully justified. It is interesting to remember that Canon Scott Holland was 'sounded' for Liverpool, and that it was he who suggested Dr. Chavasse."

An Old Etonian writes:-

"I was glad to notice that, in spite of the grilling heat and a bolshevizing correspondence in last year's 'Times,' top-hats and tail-coats still dominated the Eton and Harrow match. After all, for most of us Lord's' is a ritual, and a ritual, to be really satisfactory, must be as silly as possible. During the intervals, I observed that saffron yellow was much affected by the ladies. It is a colour warranted to destroy any female complexion at close range, but nothing is more agreeable at a distance. Though Eton made the largest score in the history of the match, and though the draw was distinctly in their favour, the honours were with Harrow. Eton lost their opportunity twice. First after lunch on Saturday, when, though their side was perfectly safe, they poked abjectly at the innocuous and exhausted bowling. Mr. Newman played a better game for his side than either Mr. Dawson or Mr. Cobbold. Then they should have won when Harrow, exhausted by long fielding, lost three good wickets early in the second innings. The wicket was crumbling nastily, and the most indifferent fastish bowling would have run through the side. But Eton preferred to send down slow full-pitches to leg with machine-like accuracy. The two best efforts in the match were Harrovian: the 90 put on at express speed for the last wicket by Mr. Foster and Mr. Brigstocke in the first innings, and the plucky manner in which Mr. Stewart-Brown and Mr. Butterworth stopped the rot on Saturday evening. Mr. Stewart-Brown seemed to me equally admirable as batsman, wicket-keeper, and captain. Considering the broiling heat, the fielding on both sides was excellent, but can the bowling have ever sunk to such a lamentable level in the whole history of the match? "

In a world where intelligence is so heavily at a discount, the admirable entertainments given periodically by the Children's Theatre at 107, Charlotte Street, on Sunday afternoons, deserve a far wider publicity than they have so far received. The theatre, which is under the management of Miss Elsa Lanchester, whose striking performance in the "Insect Play" was so greatly admired, gave last Sunday a delightfully varied entertainment by artists whose ages extended roughly from six to sixteen. The programme consisted of old English songs and dances, cockney songs, and a dramatized version of part of Miss Austen's "Love and Freindship." The children, who seemed equally well acquainted with the English, French, and Russian languages, enjoyed themselves just as much as the audience did, and many of them showed real genius in what was an exacting and various repertoire. People who attend the Children's Theatre will not only enjoy themselves greatly, but will have the pleasure of knowing that they are supporting a movement of great civilizing value to those who take part in it. Inquiries as to the future performances of the Children's Theatre, and other "grownup" activities organized in collaboration with Mr. Harold Scott, should be addressed to Miss Lanchester, 5, Gerrard Street, W. 1.

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ALPINE VILLAGE.* IN AN

BY NORMAN DOUGLAS.

Food problems of our own-

They are non-existent. This region has suffered relatively little from the effects of war; it is a selfsupporting district of peasant-proprietors where nearly every family possesses its own house and orchard and fields and cattle; the ideal state of affairs. Nothing is lacking, save tobacco and coffee. To obtain the first, one plagues friends in England; instead of the second we have to put up with cocoa, a costive and slimy abomination which I, at least, will not be able to endure much longer. Prolonged and confidential talks with the inn-keeper's wife-his third one, a lively woman from the Tyrol, full of fun and capability-have already laid down the broad lines of our bill of fare. I must devour all the old local specialities, to begin with, over and over again; items such as Tiroler Knödel and Saueres Nierle and Rahmschnitzel (veal, the lovely Austrian veal, is scarce just now, but she means to get it) and brook-trout blau gesotten and Hasenpfeffer and fresh ox-tongue with that delicious brown onion sauce, and gebaitzter Rehschlegel (venison is cheap; 12d. a pound at the present rate of exchange); and, first and foremost, Kaiserfleisch, a dish which alone would repay the trouble of a journey to this country from the other end of the world were travelling fifty times more vexatious than it is. Then: cucumber salad of the only true-i.e., non-Anglo-Saxon -variety, sprinkled with paprika; no soup without the traditional chives; beetroot with cummin-seed, and beans with Bohnenkraut (whatever that may be); also things like Kohlrabi and Kässpätzle-malodorous but succulent; above all, those ordinary, those quite ordinary, geröstete Kartoffeln with onions, one of the few methods by which the potato, the grossly overrated potato, that marvel of insipidity, can be made palatable. How comes it that other nations are unable to produce geröstete Kartoffeln? Is it a question of Schmalz? If so, the sooner they learn to make Schmalz the better. Pommes lyonnaises are a miserable imitation, a caricature.

In the matter of sweets, we have arranged for Schmarrn with cranberry compote, and pancakes worthy of the name—that is, without a grain of flour in themand Apfelstrudel and-quick! strawberries down from the hills, several pounds of the aromatic mountain ones, to form those wonderful open tarts which are brought in straight from the oven and eaten then and there, hotif you know what is good. Should the weather grow sultry, I will also make a point of consuming a bowl of sour milk, just for the sake of auld lang syne. It may well ruin my stomach, which has acquired an alcoholic diathesis since those days.

There! A change of food at last. Whether Mr. R. will take to this diet is another matter. I should be in despair if he were a true Frenchman, for your Gaul, in this and other matters, is the most provincial creature in the world; like a peasant, he can eat nothing save what his grandmother has taught him to think eatable. Mr. R., luckily for him, is French only from political necessity. And besides, persons of his age should never be encouraged to express likes and dislikes in the matter of food; it is apt to make them capricious, or even greedy; and what says the learned Dr. Isaac Watts, from whom I quoted a moment ago? "The appetite of taste is the first thing that gets the ascendant in our younger years, and a guard should be set upon it early." How true! Nobody is entitled to be

captious until he has reached the canonical age. After that he has acquired the right of being not only critical, but as gluttonous as ever he pleases.

Here, meanwhile, are the latest statistics of our village. It contains about seven hundred inhabitants, three hundred cows and calves (most of them on the mountains just now), five taverns, and three Dorftrottels, or idiots, of the genuine Alpine breed. Mr. R. is dying to have a look at them as soon as the weather clears; and so am I. There is a fascination about real idiots. They have all the glamour of a monkey-house, with an additional note of human pathos.

A heated discussion after dinner with Mr. R .- one of our usual ones-as to the right meaning of the English words "still" and "yet," which, like "anybody "somebody," he refuses to distinguish from each other. On such occasions he complains of the needless ambiguity and prolixity of my language; I retort by some civil remark about the deplorable poverty of his own. I should explain that I hold certificates as teacher of French and English, and am in possession of an infallible coaching method (a family secret) for backward or forward pupils, and that this is not the first time I have endeavoured to instil a little knowledge of English into the head of Mr. R., who, for all his faults, is a companionable young fellow with certain brigand-strains in his ancestry that go well with those in mine (vide Peter Hinedo's "Genealogy of the most Ancient and most Noble Family of the Brigantes, or Douglas," London,

That astonishing French education. . . . What is one to do with people, future candidates for Government posts, who cannot tell the difference between an adverb and a conjunction, who, if you ask them to define a reflexive verb, gaze at you with an air of injured innocence, almost as if you had asked them to say what is the capital of China, the position of their own colony of Obok, and whether Chili belongs to Germany or to Austria? They learn none of these things at school; or if they do, it is in some infant class where they are forgotten again, promptly and for ever. Instead of this they are crammed with microscopic details, under the name of "Littérature," concerning the lives of all French writers that ever breathed the air of Heaven, and with a bewildering mass of worthless physical formulæ, enough to daze the brain of a Gauss. What Mr. R. does not know about convex lenses and declination needles and such-like balderdash is not worth knowing; his acquaintance with every aspect of Molière's life and works is devastating in its completeness, and makes me feel positively uncomfortable. Now Molière was doubtless a fine fellow, but no youngster has any right to know so much about him. I only wish they had taught him a few elements of grammar instead.*

It is too late now. He laughs at grammar-a frank, In other words, my task is rendered derisory laugh. none the easier by his serene self-confidence. He does

O A previous article, under this title, appeared in The Nation and THE ATHENZUM for June 30th.

^{*}He has surprised me, of late, by a new acquirement: a considerable familiarity with Polish history. They only began to teach it quite recently, he says; and thereby hangs a tale. It would seem that an ukase has gone forth from educational headquarters in Paris to the effect that the youth of the entire country is to be brought up in the belief that the Poles, the old friends of France, are a prodigy among nations; every phase of their contemptible politics and degrading parliamentary wrangles during the last few centuries has to be regarded as of epoch-making importance—as opposed to the futile history of their enemies on the East. Nothing, in short, is good enough for Poland; nothing bad enough for Russia. And all because a misguided pack of French capitalists, after those Toulon celebrations, lent their millions to Russia, expecting to receive the usual three hundred per cent, profit, which is not yet forthcoming and, let us hope, never will be. An interesting example by what means "patriotic" convictions are nurtured, and for what ends.

not share my view that his English is still rudimentary, though he admits that it may require "a little polish here and there." Everything in the nature of a difficulty or exception to the rules is an idiom-not worth bothering about. He conjugates our few irregular verbs as if they were regular; go, go'ed, go'ed; find, finded, finded; and gets in a towering passion, not with me, but with the language, whenever I have to set him right. Their mellow auxiliaries of "should" and "can" and all the rest of them, so useful, so reputable, so characteristic of the versatile genius of England, are treated as a perennial joke; indeed, it is a wretched idiosyncrasy of his to discover fun in the most abstruse and recondite material. (He nearly died of laughing the other day, because I told him that the Neanderthal race of man was less hairy than the Pithecanthropus erectus of Java, and failed to explain why such a bald scientific statement of fact should provoke even a smile.) Simple phrases like "Est-ce que l'enfant n'aurait pas dû acheter le chapeau?" give birth to English renderings that would send any less patient tutor into convulsions; renderings such as you might expect from the average Englishman when asked to put into French "If I had not noticed it, you would not have noticed it either (using s'en apercevoir)."

To all my suggestions that it might be well to study this or that more conscientiously I receive the stereotyped reply, "I know my vocables"; as if the possession of an English vocabulary were synonymous with the possession of English speech. It is perfectly true; he has a fair stock of words, and nobody would believe what can be done with our language until he hears it handled by a person who knows his vocables (and nothing else) after the manner of my pupil; I often tell him that he could make his fortune in England, on the music-hall stage, with that outfit alone. Nevertheless, strange to say, he was nearly always the first in his English class at school. Vainly one conjectures what may have been the attainments of the rest of them, or, for that matter, of their teachers.

So he studies two hours a day with me and two hours alone, preparing for an examination in October; and that is his raison d'être in this country. He has just given me to correct a translation from a book full of "thèmes et versions," all of which are too difficult for him; this one is his English rendering of a stiff piece that describes P. L. Courier's disgust at the French Court. It is a noteworthy specimen of my pupil's command of vocables and of nothing else; a document which I should not hesitate to set down here, in full, could I persuade anybody into the belief that it was authentic. That is out of the question. People would say I had wasted a good week of my life trying to manufacture something comical.

Instead of this "anglais au baccalauréat" we have lately begun a course of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," which are nearer to his level, and I am realizing once more what this stuff, so-called folk-lore, is worth. A desert! For downright intellectual nothingness, for misery of invention and tawdriness of thought, a round half-dozen of these tales are not to be surpassed on earth. They mark the lowest ebb of literature; even the brothers Grimm, Germans though they were, must have suffered a spasm or two before allowing them to be printed. Fortunately, Mr. R.'s versions of this drivel are far, far superior to the original; they beat it on its own ground of sheer inanity; and I am carefully collecting them to be made up, at some future period, into an attractive little volume for the linguistic amateur.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY.*

By MAXIM GORKY.

MAKOV AND THE SPIDER.

OLD ERMOLAY MAKOV, a dealer in "antiquities," was a tall man, thin and straight as a post. He walked on the earth like a soldier on parade, and watched everything with his huge bull's eyes, in the dull, grey-blue shine of which something sullen and obtuse lay buried. I considered him to be very unintelligent—and what still more convinced me of this was a wilful and capricious trait in his character: he would come and offer, for instance, an inkstand belonging to the clerk, or a borrowed ladle of the tapster, or an ancient coin, bargain obstinately about its price, and then, all of a sudden, say in a sepulchral voice:

"No, I won't."

"Why not?"

"I've no wish to."

"Why, then, did you waste a whole hour in talking?"

He would slip the object silently into the fathomless pocket of his overcoat, sigh deeply, and go away without saying good-bye, pretending to be profoundly injured.

But in a day or two—sometimes in an hour—he would appear unexpectedly and place the object on the table:

" Take it."

"Why did you not let me have it last time?"

"I had no wish to."

He was not avaricious as far as money was concerned; distributed a lot to the poor, but did not take the slightest care of himself; walked about in winter and summer in the same old wadded overcoat, a warm, crumpled cap, and worn-out shoes. He lived in a homeless fashion, going from one estate to the other—from Nijni to Murom, from Murom to Suzdal, Rostov, Jaroslavl, and back again to Nijni, where he usually stopped in the filthy "rooms" of Bubnov, the abode of canarysellers, sharpers, detectives, and other seekers after happiness. They hunted for it, wallowing on badly damaged sofas, in clouds of tobacco smoke!

Among this human refuse Makov was listened to with the greatest attention, as a man always on the "alert" and a good story-teller. His stories always spoke of the "nests of noblemen" falling to pieces, "going phut!" He spoke of this with a dumb, sullen fierceness, underlining persistently and in deep colours

the thoughtlessness of the landowners.

"They roll balls about," he would say. "They like rolling balls about with wooden hammers—that's a game of some kind they've got. And they've become just like those balls themselves—rolling aimlessly here and there on the earth."

On a misty autumn night I once found Makov on board a ship, on the way to Kazan. The ship, hardly moving its paddle-wheels, crawled blindly and cautiously along the stream through the fog, and in the grey waters and the grey fog its lights faded away and dissolved, the siren moaned dully and continually, and one was seized with melancholy, as in heavy sleep.

Makov sat in the stern all by himself, as though hiding from someone. We began to talk, and this is

what he told me:

"It is twenty-three years now that I live in everlasting fear, and can find no escape from it. And this fear, my dear sir, is a peculiar one: a strange soul has settled in my body.

^{*}The earlier Fragments appeared in The Nation and The Athenaum for May 19th and June 2nd,

"I was thirty years old when I began carrying on with a woman who was nothing but a witch. Her husband-my friend-was a kind man, but he was ill and dying. And on the night he died, while I was asleep, that cursed woman drove my soul away and put his into my body. She did this for her own profit, for her husband was more affectionate than I was to the miserable creature. Well, he died, and I noticed immediately that I was not the same man. I can say plainly I never loved that woman, I had merely been playing the fool with her-and now I found my soul was drawn to her. How could that be? She was repulsive to meand I could not get away from her.

"All my good qualities disappeared like smoke; I was seized with an unknown sadness, became very timid with her, and could see distinctly that everything around was grey, as though strewn with ashes, and only the

face of the woman blazed like fire.

"She played with me, and dragged me into sin at night. And then I understood that she had changed my soul, that I was living with another man's soul. But mine, my own, the one God gave me-where was it? I was terrified. . . ."

The siren moaned restlessly, uncannily; its dull hooting was lost in the fog. The ship, as though jammed in the mist, moved its stern, and the water, dark and thick like resin, splashed and rumbled below it. The old man, leaning against the ship's side, shuffled his feet in their heavy boots, groped strangely with his hands in

the air, and went on in a low voice:

" I was terrified, and one day went up to the garret, made a noose, and tied it to the rafters, but, worse luck! the washerwoman noticed me, and they got me out of And from that moment I have a the noose in time. grotesque creature constantly at my side: it is a sixfooted spider, as large as a small goat, bearded and horned, with a woman's breasts, and three eyes-two in the head, and the third between the breasts-looking down on the earth, watching my footsteps. And wherever I go he follows incessantly at my back, all hairy, on his six feet, like a shadow of the moon, and no one can see him except me-here he is !-only you can't see him-here he is!"

Stretching his hand out to the left, Makov stroked the air at a height of about ten inches above the deck, then, wiping his palm on his knee, he murmured:

"He's quite wet."

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"Well, so it is twenty years that you have lived with the spider?" I asked.

"Twenty-three. Might be you think I'm mad? Here he is, my guardian; look at him, crouching, the spider. . . ."

"Why have you not consulted some doctors about it?'

"Why should I consult them, my dear sir? How can doctors help in this matter? It isn't as though it were an abscess, ready to be opened with a knife; you can't drive it away with a lotion or stick it up with plaster. The doctor, he can't see the spider, can he?"

"Does the spider talk to you?"

Makov looked up at me in amazement, and asked: "Are you joking? How can a spider talk? He is given to me to keep me in fear, to remind me that I can't dispose of a stranger's soul, can't kill it. Don't forget that my soul is not my own-it's as though it were a stolen one.

"About ten years ago I decided to drown myself, threw myself into the water from the barge, but hethe spider-clung with his legs to the stern on one side, to me on the other, so that I remained hanging overboard. Well, I pretended that it had happened to me accidentally. The sailors said afterwards that my overcoat had caught on something and held me up. But here it is-the overcoat that held me up. . . ."

The old man again stroked and caressed the moist air. I remained silent, not knowing what to say to a

man who lived side by side with a strange being created by his own imagination and living with it, and yet not

completely mad.

"It's a long time since I've wanted to speak to you of this thing," he muttered in low, supplicating tones. "You talk so boldly of everything, I have faith in you. Tell me, grant me this kindness, tell me, what do you think-does the spider act as a guardian to me from God or from the Devil?"

"I do not know."

"Might be you'll think it over. . . . I presume it's from God; it is He who is guarding the strange soul in me. He didn't put an angel to that job, for I'm not worth one. But a spider—that was clever of Him. And such a terrible spider, too. I couldn't get used to him for a long time."

Taking off his cap, Makov made the sign of the cross, and murmured in a low and fervent voice:

> "Great and kind art Thou, Almighty, Lord and Father of Reason, Shepherd of our souls."

. . Some weeks after that, on a moonlight night, I met Makov in one of the deserted streets of Nijni. He was walking along the pavement, pressing close to the wall, as though making way for someone to pass.

"Well, is the spider alive?"

The old man smiled, and, stooping down, stroked the air with his hand and murmured softly:

"Here he is. . . ."

Three years later I heard that in 1905 Makov had been robbed and killed somewhere near Balakhna.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THE BLOCKADE.

SIR,-I regret very much that I did not realize that 1 had been guilty of a misstatement with regard to the Women's National Liberal Federation until it was too late to withdraw that misstatement and to apologize for my very reprehensible blunder of memory before your next issue went to press.

At that Council of 1919 there were two cognate and, one might say, dovetailed subjects, which were matters of concern to many of us who regretted that the Liberal Party as a whole was not so active as the Labour Party in protesting against the spirit shown by the Allied statesmen at Versailles. One was the continuation of the blockade; the other was the nature of the peace terms then being formulated, which, as we suspected at the time, and now know only too
well, were fraught with disaster for the desired world-peace.
The action taken by the W.N.L.F. on the subject of the
blockade was as stated in Lady Bonham-Carter's letter of

What made me hesitate about remaining in the Liberal Party was that I felt, rightly or wrongly, that it was not doing all it might, nor as much as the Labour Party was doing, to express publicly its genuine longing for real peace terms. I tried at the Council of 1919 and also on the Executive Committee about the same time to carry a resolution expressing our sense that we must base the Treaty on the "Fourteen Points." We were all agreed that that should be so, but my resolutions were defeated on the ground that it was more judicious to keep quiet and "leave it to President Wilson."

I apologize for the blunder I made in my original letter. As Lady Bonham-Carter very generously says, I would not willingly do any injustice to the W.N.L.F., which I am proud to serve to the best of my ability, because as a body that Federation has always been well in the front rank of Liberal thought and action.—Yours, &c.,

ELEANOR ACLAND.

Sprydoncote, Exeter. July 17th, 1923.

"MONETARY POLICY."

SIR.-We are told that certain of our political leaders are convinced that the need of the hour is a combination of the older political parties against Socialism. What these politicians fail to realize is that the real need is an alternative policy to Socialism-a policy which will provide a remedy for the ills of society without leading us into wildcat schemes based upon doctrinaire phrase-making, instead of upon a clear understanding of the economic principles involved. No combination of political parties the tide of Socialism unless it has a practical alternative remedy to offer. It is this which gives importance to your raising of the question of the control of prices as an alternative policy. It would be possible to sketch out a policy, with control of prices as the basis, which would ensure that every member of society who was willing and able to work should be well fed, well clothed, comfortably housed, and guaranteed regular employment at good wages under all normal conditions. It would be possible to secure a reasonably equitable distribution of wealth without the aid of any merely reckless ventures, and the whole policy might be carried into execution within about ten years. housing problem, for instance, but a problem of finding the The problem of finding the money is the problem of keeping our workers fully employed, and driving our economic machinery at full speed. To abolish unemployment we must abolish its cause; and the main causes of unemployment are those contractions of credit which follow inflation and that uncertainty as to the future course of prices which compels people to stop buying. Stabilization of prices is the remedy for these things. But while the time of Parliament can be wasted in discussing wildcat schemes for a capital levy or doctrinaire phrase-mongering about a nationalization of industries which its advocates have not the slightest conception how to bring about, no time can be found for discussing the possible cure of the ills of society by simple and practical means.

It may interest Mr. D. M. Mason, who thinks that unemployment is due to the reduced state of our trade with the Continent of Europe, to know that the proportion of unemployed trade unionists in this country was only 0.9 per cent. in April, 1920-about as low as it could be. Then our financial authorities deliberately brought on a contraction of credit, and by June, 1921, the proportion had risen to 23.1 per cent. Meanwhile, Germany, whose condition was supposed to be a powerful contributory cause of our trade collapse, was enjoying a continuous boom, and had practically no unemployment. America had a similar slump to our own at the same time from similar causes. American slump was due to the state of Europe, how is it that she is now enjoying a boom while the state of Europe is not materially different, and we are still in the depths of a slump, with a promise, thanks to the raising of the Bank Rate, of worse to come? Mr. Mason's explanation is far less plausible than the view that trade slumps are due to sunspots, inasmuch as the latter explanation is not flatly refuted by the facts. As to the assertion that deflation would improve our credit, the reply is that our credit could not possibly be improved by the trade slump which would inevitably follow. The price of Consols is mainly dependent upon the relative yield of other stocks. When trade is booming and profits are high, the tendency is for stocks bearing a fixed rate of interest to diminish in relative value; but it would be folly to bankrupt the country in the hope of improving its credit. The best way to stabilize the country's credit is to stabilize prices. Mr. Mason's belief that deflation would enable us to sell more cheaply abroad is based on a failure to grasp the relation between paper prices and gold prices. As a matter of fact, it is an adverse, not a favourable, exchange which enables us to sell more cheaply abroad. But variations in paper prices merely do not affect our competitive power in either way. High paper prices mean dear gold, and low paper prices cheap gold. When these paper prices are translated into gold prices for international purposes our competitive power remains the same in either case.

The alleged advantages to be derived from the raising of the Bank Rate are entirely illusory. The disadvantages will be but too disastrous and real. The real amount which we have to pay America will not be altered in any degree by an improvement in the exchanges, whether that amount be expressed in gold or goods. Only the nominal paper prices will be altered. The rise in the Bank Rate occurs at a time when index numbers are already falling, and, if persisted in, must cause a further fall in prices. Thousands of farmers, already at their wits' end to meet their obligations, are likely to be forced into bankruptcy. Hundreds of thousands of additional men are likely to become unem-Revenues will shrink disastrously, and fresh taxation will become inevitable. The number of workers at present unemployed would, if allowed to work, produce the value of our annual payments to America several times over. The additional unemployment, indeed, will probably mean losses greater than would suffice to cover our payments from year to year. Against all these disadvantages and the millions of lives unnecessarily ruined, nothing is to be set, except a rise of a few points in the American exchange of no real advantage to us at all. Meanwhile, that party the members of which are always shedding tears of blood over the woes of the workers looks on without raising a finger in protest; while that party which is supposed to be looking for an alternative to Socialism refuses to think about the matter or discuss it at all .- Yours, &c.,

CHARLES EDWARD PELL.

Westbourne Avenue, Acton, W. 3.
 July 16th, 1923.

VACCINATION.

Sin,—Your correspondents who have commented on my letter appear to regard me as a vigorous and rigorous opponent of vaccination at all times and in all places. As, in this respect, I believe I represent a considerable body of opinion, it may be worth while to state my position. My view, then, is that vaccination does operate as a prophylactic against smallpox. But, at this period and in England, I do not regard smallpox as being a serious danger. On the other hand, vaccination is, in my observation, a disease of varying severity, sometimes slight, sometimes grave, sometimes fatal. Now I do not deem it advisable to submit to this disease, with all its risks, in order to ward off a more serious but a remote risk. If you tell me it is insurance, I reply that the premium is too high.

I asked whether it was not true that the worst epidemics since vaccination was introduced occurred when the practice of vaccination was most generally observed, and whether, contemporaneously with a great decline in the practice of vaccination, there had not been a decline in smallpox. One of your correspondents draws the amusing inference that I inferred that the decline in vaccination caused the decline in smallpox. This is a good instance of the tendency of so many prophets of vaccination to attribute dementia to the critics of that rite. Another correspondent does not answer my questions, but quotes from a Blue book certain irrelevant statistics. These statistics are, however, instructive as examples of the well-known fallacy of percentages. Leicester is held up as the shocking example with a mortal percentage of 71.4, but the total number of cases under review was only twenty-one. If there had been only one case, and that fatal, Leicester's percentage would have been 100!

"X. Y. Z." says there are no medical men of great attainments who oppose vaccination. I know better.

After all, sir, my requirements are modest; I only ask for a little civility, especially from medical correspondents, Ministers of Health, and similarly exalted persons.— Yours, &c.,

P.S.—A philosopher once placed a glass partition in a tank containing fishes. The fishes, after suffering inconvenience by hitting their noses against the partition, got into the habit of altering their course so as to avoid it. This habit being formed, the philosopher removed the partition; but the wise and experienced fishes still avoided the partition which no longer existed. Which things are a parable.

INDIAN WOMEN IN FIJI.

Sm.—In November, 1917, the Rev. C. F. Andrews visited Australia, after having seen conditions in Fiji, and addressed meetings in the capital cities of each State. After his visit the interest of the women's societies was aroused, and a Committee to deal with the Moral and Social Conditions of Indian Women in Fiji was formed. This Committee has its headquarters in Sydney, N. S. Wales.

In May, 1918, Miss Garnham, of the London Missionary Society, Calcutta, went to Fiji as the representative of this Committee, to investigate conditions and report. She was helped by Government officials and also by the employers of Indian labour in her task. She spent three months there and her report was published. As a result of that report steps were taken by the Australian Committee to induce the Government of Fiji and the Colonial Office to appoint a woman doctor. After a long period of appeal, a woman-Dr. Mildred Staley-was sent to Fiji in January, 1921. Dr. Staley had been in India, had been a medical officer in the Lady Aitcheson Hospital and in the Women's Hospital at Delhi. She was conversant with several Indian dialects. For two years she has attended to the medical service of the Indian women in Suva. A Women's City Dispensary was opened by the Government under her supervision, which became self-supporting from payments made by the Indians themselves.

Towards the end of last year the Government intimated that her services were to be dispensed with. When this became known, the Indian women did an unprecedented thing. They called a meeting of Indians only and discussed the position. They managed to draw up a petition to the Governor, in which they pay a tribute to the work of Dr. Staley: "She has effected cures among hundreds of us who for many years have been suffering in private from distressing maladies which, for modesty's sake, we are unable to disclose to male doctors." An appeal was made by the Committee in Australia to have her services retained, and letters were sent to the Colonial Office and to the Governor of Fiji.

In September, 1922, questions were asked in the House of Commons, when it was said that on the ground of economy alone the woman doctor has been retrenched. In the letter of November 25th, 1922, received from the Colonial Secretary's Office, Suva, Fiji, it is said: "His Excellency trusts that it may be possible during the coming year to make some provision in the Estimates for improving medical facilities to Indians in the Colony."

Since the withdrawal of Dr. Staley the dispensary has been closed. The Indian woman avoids the help of men doctors and hospital superintendents. It is a violent breach of their ideas of chastity. Their attitude should be respected.

The Indian population has been brought to Fiji under Government schemes of indentured labour for the past eighty years. They have become a settled community chiefly engaged in agriculture and on the sugar plantations. Indenture has now ceased, but the responsibility of the British towards these people has not ceased. It is possible that the financial pressure is not now so stringent, and in any case, the saving effected—viz., the salary of one woman doctor—does not compensate for the suffering caused to the Indian people in Fiji. This appointment is a matter of humane administration only, and does not involve, as some Indian questions do, grave political problems. We therefore appeal to the British public, through your paper, to bring the necessary pressure to bear on the Government that an appointment of a woman doctor shall be made speedily.

On behalf of the Australasian Committee.—Yours, &c.,

M JAMIESON WILLIAMS,

President.

Sydney.

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KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S STORIES.

SIB,—Mr. Conrad Aiken, in his review of Katherine Mansfield's "The Doves' Nest" last week, mistakes that artist's lack of self-satisfaction for a just disparagement of her work. Had she only, as she said, preened her feathers, he could not have quoted her journal against her stories. When he contrasts the range of her characters with the

range of Chekhov's, he forgets that he is contrasting the work of thirty or forty years with the work of five. In those five years Katherine Mansfield gave us three masterly portraits: a child, a grandmother, and a corrupt young man—surely as varied kinds of human beings as exist on this planet. Mr. Aiken tells us that he finds all her characters alike. Among what characters of Chekhov's could

he find greater differences? Mr. Aiken makes another doubtful statement, and pays that writer a very doubtful compliment, when he says that any particular fragment of Chekhov's work does not reveal his personality. In saying this Mr. Aiken implies that the greatest writers are not those who leave the clearest imprint of their personalities upon their work. Surely the very opposite of this is true. Katherine Mansfield happened to be, among other things, a wit. Let Mr. Aiken deplore wit if he will; but let him not deplore the fact that Katherine Mansfield could not conceal this element of her personality. To those who have it, wit is as natural as any other quality. It may be a cross, it is not an affectation. It has been for two hundred years now one of the marks of good English prose. If the greatest things in English literature are not the wittiest, that is because the greatest things in English literature are not to be found in prose. At the head of prose fiction, that very good branch of literature, stands, however, a lady conspicuous for her wit and the narrowness of her range—Jane Austen. Would Mr. Aiken prefer Mr. Collins "real" to Mr. Collins plus Jane Austen's cleverness? Surely when, as in Katherine Mansfield's stories, beauty and wit and signs of kindness all appear together, it is ungracious to accept the first and the third, and refuse to delight in the second .- Yours, &c.,

SYLVIA LYND.

32, Queen's Gate.

"NATIONALISM ONCE MORE."

SIB,—Mr. Francis Birrell's disapproval of the Ulster Players, in The Nation and The Athenæum for the 7th inst., would have more intellectual weight if he were better informed. It happens to be true that peasants not only in the West, but in certain parts of the East of Ireland, do speak as Synge wrote. If he goes to the shores of Carlingford Lough, for example, he will discover an idiomatic speech full of an imagery which most English reviewers would dub "pure Synge." His argument of provincialism "in the English sense" is somewhat weakened when it is remembered that "The Drone" and "The Turn of the Road"—two characteristic plays—have already been translated into Swedish, Finnish, and Dutch, and have had several short seasons in Stockholm, Helsingfors, and Amsterdam. Furthermore, both plays are still being played in the States and the British Dominions.

From the point of view of those speaking a "singularly barbarous dialect," Mr. Birrell's quotation from Rostand could hardly have been more felicitous.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT HUGHES.

127, Church Street, Chelsea.

POETRY

THE BRYONY.

STANDS stiffly the spire, High in the hedge, of the dark red dead-nettle. High: but climbs higher The brier.

Yet over all these Tremble the bryony's long, ringed fingers In gay gallantries With the breeze.

With a star on thy brow, Unarmed to reach upward with strong hand and gentle: O bryony, thou Knowest how!

ERIC N. BATTERHAM.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A CHRONICLE OF KINGS.

NEARLY a hundred years ago, by the command of Bagyidaw, King of Burma, a committee of "learned monks, learned Brahmans, and learned ministers," assembled in the front chamber of the Palace of Glass, " which was variegated with diverse gems and a fit place for the most exalted personages," in order to compile a chronicle of the Burmese kings. The object of their labours was a history which should be " a standard . . . for all duties of the king, for all affairs of State, for all matters of religion, and not a thing full of conflicting and false statements." They performed their duty well, and the result was "The Glass Palace Chronicle," of which an English translation has just been produced by Mr. Pe Maung Tin and Mr. G. H. Luce (Milford, 10s.). As is the way with chronicles, the book contains a good deal which most people would probably think rather tedious, but all lovers of curious books will find it extraordinarily fascinating.

I confess to a particular liking for Eastern peoples and their writings, but among the peoples of India there is one important quality which to a European almost always seems poorly developed, a sense of humour. Tamil, for instance, will laugh and make jokes, but he does neither easily, and you cannot live long in a Tamil district without learning that it is wiser never to attempt The Burmese are, however, entirely to make a joke. different in this respect: they are always ready to laugh, and they even understand the English habit of being very serious behind a mask of humour. I do not believe that any Tamil could have written "The Glass Palace Chronicle," for it tells its stories with a subtle humour which can hardly be unintentional. For instance, we are told, King Narapatisithu fell in love with the wife of Thubarit, his brother-in-law, and, being an Eastern king, annexed the lady and made her his queen. " Her husband, Thubarit, was as one dazed and lunatic for full half a month." This distressed the king, who assembled all his wives and asked their counsel as to what he should

"And they answered: 'O King Alaung, how can he be happy when his wife is taken from him? Let Thubarit choose from among thy women whom he liketh, and give him her, O King Alaung, instead of his wife!' So the king gave him a young damsel. And Thubarit spake into his ear, saying: 'Give me another!' So the king gave him another damsel. Until he had received the twain, he would not be comforted."

ONE could go on quoting from the book indefinitely. I like another story of this same King Narapatisithu. At the time when he was still only a prince, for his brother Minyin Naratheinkha was king, some people went into a forest and "found in a giant bamboo a little daughter born of heat and moisture, having great beauty and the signs great and small. When she came of age she was like the colour of new-burnished gold." With these qualifications she was naturally presented to the king. ' But at the time when the king saw the girl, her hour of glory was not yet, and he exclaimed: 'Vast ears! Alack-a-day! 'And he gave her to his brother Narapatisithu." The queen-mother was, however, a wise woman, and, when she saw the woman born of moisture disfigured by large ears, " in her wisdom she took thought and cut the damsel's ear till it was just as it should be, and offered her to" Narapatisithu. "When her ear was cut aright she bore a marvellous beauty, insomuch that all men seeing her were dazed and could not stand upright." The story has a tragic sequel, but I must omit it, for I cannot refrain from quoting another charming story about the great King Htihlaingshin and the great Brahman Shin Arahan:—

"In a former life Shin Arahan was a monk, and King Htihlaingshin a puppy who followed the monk wheresoever he went. One day the puppy died, and the monk in pity gathered the bones and kept them in a heap. At the place where the bones lay a tree had grown, and whenever the tree shook in the breeze the king's head suffered pain. Though all his masters of magic treated him with medicine, he might not be relieved. When Shin Arahan heard of it he preached before the king and told him what had been of yore; and he took the bones and gave them to the king, who buried them well."

In the East one is continually being surprised by the appearance in people of two almost contradictory characteristics, a kind of megalomania and a curious form of "The Glass Palace Chronicle" shows unworldliness. that the Burmese are typically Asiatic in both these The florid Asiatic megalomania is to me very wearisome, particularly in art and literature. I do not feel more respect for a god because he has half-adozen arms instead of two, nor for a stone Buddha because it measures 70 feet instead of 70 inches, and I can see no point in the megalomaniac architecture which smothers a building in a welter of confused decorations. This passion for the profusely extravagant continually appears in "The Glass Palace Chronicle." If a king is majestical, he walks with such a tread that the earth sinks under his feet, and Sakra, in his mercy and wisdom, has to arrange that, whenever the king puts his foot down, it is received upon an iron plate. A very great king has to have an enormous title, like Siritaribhavanadityapavarapanditasudhammarajamahadhipatinarapatisithu. The king's greatness is, of course, shown by the size of his retinue: it consists, for instance, of a hundred thousand generals and ministers, two queens, seven hundred concubines, fourscore and ten white elephants, one hundred and fourscore Sind horses, to which, in one case, are added "thirty hump-backed, thirty bandy-legged women; and four witty maids, daughters of rich men." When the When the king gives a feast, it is served in 170 pots of rice and curry on jewelled salvers, and the food is even scattered on the floor of the palace, where " it was eaten by two cats, and one hour later by two men; one hour later the king himself partook of it." But side by side with this vulgar megalomania there exists the capacity for sudden revulsion against the fleshpots and glories of this world. In 504 B.C., when the king's heir had attained the height of his glory by killing a wild boar that was ravaging the country and when he was to be conducted back to the king in triumph and to enjoy the "pleasures of an heir," he suddenly decided not to go back at all, but to retire from the world and become a hermit in the jungle. This curious unworldliness, or rather sudden reaction against the world, is still very common in Asia. I remember once in Ceylon going to a small Buddhist rock temple hidden away in the jungle. There was a middle-aged man, in a poor cloth, sweeping diligently before the shrine. I thought he was a beggar, and spoke to him in Sinhalese. He answered in perfect English. He had lived for the first forty years of his life in Galle, a large town, and had been a lawyer's clerk, and then suddenly had received this call to give it all up and go away some hundreds of miles, and live for the rest of his life in the jungle, sweeping the floor of the temple.

LEONARD WOOLF.

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REVIEWS

THREE PLAYS.

Robert E. Lee. By John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

At Mrs. Beam's. By C. K. Munro. (Collins. 5s.)

The Raft of Love. By HENRY BAERLEIN. (Simpkin & Marshall. 7s. 6d.)

In "Robert E. Lee" Mr. Drinkwater has given us another of those plays which are, at present, his speciality, and of which there seems to be no particular reason why the supply should ever run short. It is very easy to criticize Mr. Drinkwater. It is easy to say that these plays of his are no more than historical tableaux arranged in more or less dramatic sequence; easy to call them potted history; easy to advance the severer criticism that his men, and above all his women, are mere marionettes with no life or character of their own; easy to jeer that in moments when the author feels the need of a little local colour or of some memorable phrase, he helps himself out with "Dixie" (sung "off"), or some lines from Milton. But is it not more generous to concede to Mr. Drinkwater the inauguration of a novel system, of a marriage between the drama and the cinema, with Mr. Drinkwater as the match-maker? We cannot tell indeed, whether the plays of the future will not, many of them, prove to be the progeny of such an alliance. Modern literature tends increasingly towards looseness of form as well as towards looseness of expression; the present generation is not only impatient of restraint, it is also easily bored; it likes its education in tabloid form; the cinema has accustomed it to be whisked geographically and chronologically about, so that its mind, if superficial, is at any rate nimble; and if these are to be the lines on which we are to develop—if, that is to say, we are not, as is also quite probable, in for a reaction—then Mr. Drinkwater deserves his full share of honour as a pioneer of the new method.

"At Mrs. Beam's," on the other hand, contrives no such tricks with the unities, which, but for a brief and single change of scene, and but for the action taking forty-eight hours instead of the twenty-four classically prescribed, observes. It is a tight play. Let me say at once that it is also an admirable comedy, which everybody ought to see, if only to enjoy the inimitable acting of Miss Jean Cadell as Miss Shoe. It is not acting; she simply is Miss Shoe, and never was author better served. But not only has Miss Cadell thus closely conceived the part—to the author belongs the first credit of an equally close conception; and, indeed, this is true of every part in the play, from the comparatively simple creation of the boarders at Mrs. Beam's lodging-house to the subtler creation of Dermott and Laura, the two crooks-the two gaudy birds that raise such a sudden jabber in the nest of sparrows. He has conceived them all in such a way that they are not restricted to their present existence, but have a past and a future whose details we are perfectly well able to fill in for ourselves. Mr. Munro, in fact, has simply made audible for us the forty-eight hours in which he has chosen to intersect their lives. These people were living and talking before Mr. Munro ever came across them, and will continue to do so after he has ceased to eavesdrop upon And how natural the talk is! It is real talk, not stage talk, yet never irrelevant, always illuminating-which is only another way of saying that Mr. Munro is a perfect

master of the craft he has chosen.

In "The Raft of Love" Mr. Baerlein observes that on earth there are very few dreams. But he has had one. It involves Harlequin and Columbine grown old, and a boy Phil, who is carried off to the moon by the Man in the Moon. Arrived there, he encounters all the children who have lost their way and have never succeeded in being born. The moon, in fact, is populated by might-have-beens. There are the Brown Child, and the Pink Child, and the Green Child, and the Red Child, and the Blue Child who might have been an admiral, and the Sporting Child who might have shot the last snipe in Belgrave Square—the only character in the play (or, as I suspect Mr. Baerlein would prefer it to be called, the fantasy) who really engages my sympathy. Now fantasy, if it is to succeed in delighting the reader or the spectator, and not merely in making him feel embarrassed, hot, apologetic, and uncomfortable, must be exceed-

ingly well done, and it does not here appear that Mr. Baerlein is the man to do it, with his occasional archaisms ("excellent good sport," "gay merriments," and the would-be frolicsome "joyous"), his occasional Irishisms ("it's glad I am"), and his stock-in-trade of pseudo-poetical images: "I could tell you that the children of the moon are weaving nets to snare the precious colours of the clouds as they pass," he murmurs; and again: "When the moonbeam passes by the sleeping water-lilies it will show you something whiter than the dreams of children."

whiter than the dreams of children."

No. I prefer Mrs. Beam to Mr. Moonbeam, and, if we must have child-fantasy at all, would rather go quite frankly to Peter Pan.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

MR. STRACHEY AND TWO PROFESSORS.

Landmarks in French Literature. By LYTTON STRACHEY. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.)

History of French Literature. By WILLIAM A. NITZE and E. PRESTON DARGAN. (Harrap. 15s.)

It would be difficult to imagine two books upon one subject in greater contrast than these. The first is a reprint of Mr. Strachey's admirable contribution to the "Home University Library "-a most welcome and pleasant reappearance; and the second is the work of two Professors of French Literature in an American university. Most of us have read Mr. Strachey's book, and it is hardly necessary to draw attention to the fact that his purpose and method are not those of Messrs. Nitze and Dargan. Their book will soon find its way to the reference shelf, but his belongs on the library table. Messrs. Nitze and Dargan have set themselves no mean task, and the result of their labours is a creditable performance within limits: seven hundred and fifty pages (the first chapter-heading is "The Middle Ages and the Epic," and the last "Pre-War Literature") of tabulation of standard criticism, supported by a framework of historical and literary fact. It is a formidable work, compiled from incredibly varied and numerous sources—the bibliography runs to twenty-six pages-and with the assistance and revision of a dozen interested American professors. One is always rather impressed by the periodic appearances of these weighty volumes-they represent so much industry and so much scholarly palaver and fluttering of pages in reference libraries; but it is not unreasonable to breathe the question, "Why another?" This book, while it is obviously not to be put aside lightly, does not "fill a long-felt need"; it takes us on a lengthy and familiar voyage, keeping us to the prescribed course and seldom permitting us to stop and explore our favourite backwaters. When our destination is reached we feel as though the voyage has not done us much good.

Now I must register a few personal complaints; and perhaps they will be appreciated by the readers of these columns. Joachim du Bellay's "Vanneur de Blé" is mentioned in a sentence of three lines; the name of Gérard de Nerval occurs twice—as a weird poet who belonged to le cénacle de Joseph Delorme, and as one of the translators of "Faust" (what about "El Desdichado"?); Verhaeren gets as much as four pages; Rimbaud one paragraph; and Stendhal is polished off in two pages! Messrs. Nitze and Dargan state in their preface that they have left "minor tendencies and figures out of consideration" and have "mentioned them only incidentally." Need anything further be said of the sense of proportion here exhibited?

Mr. Strachey has a very different sort of voyage to offer us; it is almost as long, but not a familiar one, for the expected sights have a fresh significance, and we are quite content with his itinerary. We sail past miles of uninteresting scenery, but come to anchor in the essential harbours, and are off again almost before we have absorbed the full beauty of our surroundings. Mr. Strachey's "Landmarks" are unforgettable; we remember them as we remember paintings of extraordinary execution. Here is Verlaine:—

"Verlaine's poetry exhales an exquisite perfumestrange, indistinct, and yet, after the manner of perfume, unforgettable. Listening to his enchanting, poignant music, we hear the trembling voice of a soul. This last sad singer carries us back across the ages, and, mingling his sweet strain with the distant melancholy of Villon, symbolizes for us at once the living flower and the unchanging root of the great literature of France."

And Messrs. Nitze and Dargan, after declaring that he was a person of disorderly life who divided his time between cafés, prisons, and hospitals," sum him up in this fashion :-

"Many of his verses have great charm, due to the personal, wayward touch, which is often winning, pure and delightful, freely and appropriately expressed. His charm, his sincerity, his power of harmonious suggestion make his sincerity, his power Verlaine a true poet."

discussion of this amazing book of Mr. Strachey's would be inconceivably inadequate if it did not call attention to the brilliant passage on Shakespeare and Racine, in the course of which he urges the English reader not to be misled by the unruffled surface of Racine's technique:

"Racine's poetry differs as much from Shakespeare's as some calm-flowing river of the plain from a turbulent moun-tain torrent. To the dwellers in the mountain the smooth river may seem at first unimpressive. .

Beneath this faintly rippling surface, "a great profundity and a singular strength" lie hidden.

THE NATIVE, THE BOER, AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

Thoughts on South Africa. By OLIVE SCHREINER. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

How many people under twenty-five, thirty-five, even forty-five, have read "The Story of an African Farm"? It is now a very long time since it surprised and enthralled the youth of the 'eighties. But since it is hardly a classic, for all its power, it is probably forgotten. And now, like a voice from the tomb, comes another book by Olive Schreiner. The papers here collected were written between 1890 and 1892; and how much has happened since then to the continent she knew so well-the Jameson Raid, the South African War, the Milner régime, the Campbell-Bannerman libera-tion, and then the Great War, in which, owing to that act of high courage, the defeated of 1900 stood side by side in the day of trial with their conquerors. Yet, though written so long ago, these chapters still live. For they treat of the permanent facts of South African life, and treat of them with the knowledge of a resident and the perception of an artist.

The elements of life in South Africa are the "natives," the Boers, and the British. Of the natives, the Bushmen and Hottentots have been mostly exterminated. That is part of the ancient tragedy which lies at the foundation of all States. The white settlers enclosed the land; the natives rose, and were killed or expelled. Our authoress asks whether, in this case, the process was invitations. In sense, no; if the white men had been Livingstones. In fact they were land-grabbers. But whether, in this case, the process was inevitable. In one another, yes; for in fact they were land-grabbers. when they had got rid of the Hottentots they needed labour. The Bantus were not, and are not, suited to the purpose. So they imported slaves from other parts of Africa. Boers contracted for them, and British ships with British captains and crews brought them in. What echoes of "old, unhappy, far-off things" a passage like this evokes:—

"Old black men and women are still living in South Africa who remember how, as little children, they were playing on a beach in a land where there were tall, straight trees that do not grow in South Africa, and how white men came and took them away. They remember the names of some of their playmates, and the 'yellow food' that they used to eat. They say it does not grow here. If you look at their backs, from their necks to below their thighs, they have white stripes which have been there for sixty or seventy years, and with which they will go to their graves."

Slavery was abolished in 1834 by that part of the British nation which is always undoing what the other part does. Compensation was given, but largely did not reach the people for whom it was intended. The Boers migrated, in what is known as the "Great Trek," and founded the two Republics. The English followed, as soon as it became profitable to do so, and seized Kimberley when the diamonds were discovered, and Johannesburg when gold was being worked. Meantime, the expansion of the Whites had brought them into contact with a stronger and more militant type than the Hottentots. There followed the wars with the

Zulus, the Mashonas, the Matabele. These were conquered, but could not be exterminated. And the problem of "natives" still hangs, like a great question-mark, over the future of South Africa.

But it is not the only problem. There remains the distinction between Boer and Briton. That, perhaps, is not precisely what it was when these chapters were Yet it exists, and the reason for it is here plainly set forth. Olive Schreiner knew the Boers as few can have known them who are not of them. She was herself born of a German father and an English mother, and her training and sympathies were English. But she lived long among Boers and learned to understand them; and her most interesting chapters are those dealing with this strange people, "chosen," as they felt, to supplant the native and make him their servant; regarding the land they had stolen as theirs in some pre-eminent sense; cut off by their limited dialect, not less than by their isolation, from all the currents of European civilization; reading the Bible and nothing else; living on lonely farms; passionate for personal independence; large-limbed, courageous, indomitable. When upon these supervened the Englishman, there could only be conflict. In the earliest days we find the British arming the Hottentot against the Boer. Later came the discovery of diamonds and gold (aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm-as was said so truly and so vainly, so long ago!), and the Englishman of the Cecil Rhodes type managed to bring to bear against the Boer all the force of the British Empire. Few decent men and women now, I think, question the iniquity of that war, engineered by financiers and by "society," and condemned by the whole civilized world. But it succeeded, after a defence by the weak and the few as notable as that of Thermopylæ; and had not its worst consequences been neutralized by the courage and faith of Campbell-Bannerman, where would South Africa have been in the Great War?

But it is to the chapter on the English, here published for the first time, that one turns with most curiosity. Olive Schreiner, as we have said, was half English by blood, and all English by original sympathy. She had no prejudice, to start with, against "the blood," and she had the insight to recognize its extraordinary

"In South Africa he (the Englishman) bursts forth in all his multifarious shapes. Now he is the little liquor-seller, braving full rivers and prohibitive legislation with a wagonful of bad brandy made by the Boers, to sell to the natives, and return to the Colony with a pile. Then he is a female missionary, buried in a remote native village, to instruct heathen girls and women, with the enthusiasm of a Saint Catherine. Over the way he is running guns and selling powder and shot which will be taken from the natives as soon as we have made our full gain in selling them. Now powder and shot which will be taken from the natives as soon as we have made ou. full gain in selling them. Now he is a cultured, sympathetic, freedom-loving man, talking humanity and consideration for the weaker classes; and then he is a Hart, tying up and flogging to death his black brothers. To sum him up, to say what he is and is not, would be as futile as, say, to sum up the Jew: 'We are anything, so please your worship. but we are a deal of that.'"

In general, the Englishman will not find here either flattery or abuse. But he will find one opinion about himself which he might with advantage reflect upon. He is, we are told, the only kind of man who both loves freedom for himself and is anxious to extend it to others. That view was put forward before the Boer War, and the war probably shattered it in the mind of the writer. Is it true or untrue? One can only reply that here, as everywhere, the English are two-minded, or many-minded. Even at home we have yet to see whether the instinct for liberty will survive the advent to power of Labour, with its threat to the privileges and property of the rich. Abroad, we have to see whether it will be able to resist the urge towards cheap and unfree labour. Savs our text :-

"It is in the purely British possessions of Matabele and Mashonaland that the condition of the native is worst. Probably a greater number of natives have been exterminated in these territories during the last eight years (somewhere between 1880 and 1890) than through the whole of the rest of South Africa by the Dutch and the English together in any like period. And it is here that, during the last few years, a determined and practical attempt has been made to introduce a modified form of slavery, under the name of compulsory labour."

The attempt has not yet been finally abandoned in parts of the Empire; and we are always in

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danger of slipping back, both at home and abroad, into brutal domination by class or race. Yet it may be true that the British have cared more for liberty than other peoples. If so, may they have the grace to guard and to extend it!

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

LOIN-CLOTH AND CRINOLINE.

Recollections of a Savage. By EDWIN A. WARD. (Jenkins. 16s.)

Lady Rose Weigall. By RACHEL WEIGALL. (Murray. 12s.) REALLY bad memoirs-dull lives dully described-are fortunately rare. Good ones are rarer still. Most memoirs are indifferent: dull lives engagingly written up, or interesting lives which the writer has, nevertheless, failed to present vividly. Both Lady Rose theless, failed to present vividly. Both Lady Rose Weigall and Mr. Ward have enjoyed interesting lives, representing two very different spheres of the Victorian era. Lady Rose was, of course, greatly the senior, being born in 1834. Her great-uncle was the Duke of Wellington, and her father the Earl of Westmorland, founder of the Academy of Music and a prominent diplomat. Her childhood and youth were spent at the courts of Berlin and Vienna. Her friendship with Princess Luise of Prussia, afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden, lasted from childhood till her death in 1921; and in England she met Gladstone, Disraeli, Palmerston, Salisbury, "the poet" Browning ("not the architect, whom his name always reminds me of"), and a host of the other great men of the time. Although after her father's retirement and her marriage she lived a good deal in the country, and seems rather to have lost touch with the powers that be, she continued a life of great local activity up to an immense age; and during the war used her influence with the German Court to help British prisoners and to trace the

missing.

An interesting and in many ways a valuable life; and yet this can hardly rank as a "good" memoir. In some ways it is the fault of the writer, in some of the subject, Miss Weigall has fallen into many of the memoir-writer's pitfalls—especially into that of printing long lists of titled entities and nonentities "met" with no illuminating comment; lists which may impress the reader, but neither amuse nor instruct; and of such remarks as "Mr. ——, the famous wit, kept the table in an uproar"-without allowing the reader to share the joke. She evidently had very meagre material on which to reconstruct her mother's life. further, though living in the thick of things, Lady Rose gives outward sign of very little real appreciation of the enormous changes and upheavals of her lifetime. To her the revolutions of '48 seem to have meant scarcely more than a little exciting rioting; the enormous strides of mechanical invention than increased facilities in communicating with one's friends; the Industrial Revolution than night-schools and Brighter Workhouses-charity, in fact; and her intimacy with diplomatic circles seems to have given her no idea of the tireless manœuvring for position carried on for decades before the war. The life of the present writer's grandmother coincided exactly with that of Lady Rose in period; to her it was this historical aspect of her lifetime that possessed far the greatest significance in her recollection. Indeed it is only by careful reading between the lines that one can get any real idea of the history of the Victorian era from the pages of this memoir, that one sees the transition from a Europe which, for all effective purposes, consisted of a few hundred families set against an insignificant background of peasants, to a Europe in which the aristocratic families had themselves faded into a position of insignificance.

The picture presented by Mr. Ward's Bohemian recollections is a very different one. Primarily, it is an account of the palmy days of the Savage Club, and the "people met" range from Wilde and Whistler to Cecil Rhodes and Lord Apparently the publisher insisted that Mr. Northcliffe. Ward should concentrate on the Club and Celebrities: which is a pity, for some of the most interesting chapters in the book are those describing the author's travels in the Far East. He seems to have possessed the valuable power of being at ease in the company of rogues; his trip with the

terrific Hoshino, the Anglo-Japanese pirate, would make a book in itself. Mr. Ward is not the sort of man who meets dull people on his travels, and it is very doubtful whether they found him dull either. On the other hand, a great many of the pranks of the Bohemian Victorians seem rather shocking to the more staid young Georgian. They carried the cult of ill-manners and insobriety quite as far as the True Victorians carried their own cult of decorum and morality. The chief requisite for social success among them seems to have been the power of giving pain to the company. Bohemianism, of course, is far from dead: only nowadays it has rather come down in the world.

RICHARD HUGHES.

THE CHILD AND THE SCHOOL.

The Children of England. By J. J. FINDLAY. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

The Day Continuation School in England. By EDITH ANNA WATERFALL. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

PROFESSOR FINDLAY is perhaps the most eminent of Professor Dewey's disciples, and has done much, especially at Manchester, to encourage and assist experiment along the famous American's lines. To appreciate Professor Findlay's latest book, "The Children of England," it is almost essential to know something of the principles that underlie it; for these principles, though clearly present throughout in the author's mind, are not perhaps made clear to the casual reader, at

any rate in the early part of the book.

It is well known that the human embryo passes through, and, as it were, sums up, the different stages by which man evolved; but it is not so generally admitted that the evolution from the man of the eoliths to the man of the aeroplane can also be recognized in the growth of the infant to the This is Professor Dewey's doctrine; just as the period before birth summarizes rapidly the development of protoplasm into homo sapiens, so the period after birth called childhood summarizes the development of primeval man into modern man. The child, it is pointed out, passes in turn through the periods which represent the rough, solitary hunter's life, the gang life of the pastoral tribe, the more elaborate social organization of the early town-dwellers, the romantic idealism of the Middle Ages, and comes out at last an adult, when he falls under the sway of a commercialized division of labour. In consequence, Professor Dewey teaches, the education the child receives should follow the culture epochs, as we may call them, of his development—he should learn first from Red Indians; then from shepherds, potters, and weavers; then from farmers, gardeners, and blacksmiths; and only in adolescence from clerks and accountants.

This theory of what has been named genetic education has a further implication. Before the Industrial Revolution, we are told, children, who received the greater part of their education in helping their parents at the tasks of everyday life, were taught naturally as Nature demands. During the nineteenth century a fatal change took place. Children vere removed from the really educational environment of the home, and thrown prematurely into a school whose real function, disguised though it was, was to train a race of

town and factory employees.

"The Children of England" is an interesting essay on this theme. Professor Findlay makes an elaborate study of the chief factors which before 1800 went to provide a child's education, and finds them almost entirely in the social environment and the ideals of the adults. In a long chapter on "The Child in the Nineteenth Century" he shows how the school failed to take the place of these forces, and to what extent the germs of something more hopeful have been implanted. For it must not be supposed that Professor Findlay is a pessimist. Studiously moderate throughout, rejecting the easy fallacy of the teacher that education is the panacea for all evils, he yet remains an enthusiast. His book will be read with profit by those who care for what is being said and thought to-day on the wider aspects of educa-

Miss Waterfall has written a useful account of "The Day Continuation School in England." It is a depressing story, but Miss Waterfall tries to make the best of it, and is perhaps inclined to gloss over the black results of the

Education Act of 1918. An Act which, ostensibly to establish compulsory continued education, resulted in the closing of most of the voluntary continuation schools already in existence, and culminated in the painful fiasco of the L.C.C.'s gloomily over a dictum emanating in 1917 from the Board of Education: "Advance along the whole line of education cannot be made cheaply or rapidly."

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CONSCIENCE.

The Public Conscience: a Case-Book in Ethics. GEORGE CLARKE COX. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

Non-Violent Coercion: a Study in Methods of Social Pressure. By Professor CLARENCE MARSH CASE. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE heresy of to-day is often the dogma of to-morrow. The morality of the law is dogmatic, but the institutions and people by whom laws are made and interpreted usually cause the dogma to be out of date by the time it comes into court. Still, judges and juries do in general represent the public conscience of their time, which means the private conscience

of their grandfathers.

Mr. Cox feels that the world is "blindly groping for a sure foundation for its moral concepts." He is anxious that it shall have light, but he will not give it an ignis fatuus. There ought to be, he holds, an exact science of ethics; and in science induction precedes deduction. The first thing is to find out what society considers to be morally right. Nowhere, he thinks, is this, within limits, so precisely or so authoritatively formulated as in the recorded cases of the courts of law. Mr. Cox has "a great thing to pursue," and he has started the pursuit with a high heart. His analysis is excellent; his comments deal strictly with the evidence of the cases as to what public morality in fact is; he refuses to synthetize; he is absolutely unbiased.

Professor Case applies somewhat the same method to the study of the heresy of conscientious objection. That phenomenon was, during the Great War, considered by the general public to be unprecedented and unrelated to other contemporary phenomena. Professor Case shows that it has been present in practically all parts of the world at practically all periods, and that it is very closely related to a number of industrial and political phenomena of our time. He is not greatly concerned with the morality of conscientious objection, or non-co-operation, or the economic boycott, or the strike. He looks at them all objectively and Perhaps the best feature, apart from the impartially. admirable marshalling of historical evidence, of this lucid and complete study is the demonstration of the fact that the absence of violence in the resistance is of far greater impor-Violence may eliminate tance than its mere passivity. opposition, but it cannot convert or establish facts. Coercion without violence may indirectly do so. Historically it has been more successful when based on religion, when those who practise it have been willing to suffer, and when, particularly in the case of strikes and boycotts, the absten-tion which is designed to coerce has deprived the coercee of something he really wanted. But the more it is based on religion, the less does it deprive the coercee of what he wants; while the more it deprives him of what he wants, the closer does it approximate to violence. Professor Case will not prophesy, but he clearly thinks that non-violence, with or without coercion, will play a very big part in the world of the near future.

EMERGENT EVOLUTION.

Emergent Evolution By C. LLOYD MORGAN. (Williams &

THE doctrine of Emergent Evolution is as follows: In the beginning there were physical entities having certain rela-tions to one another in time and space. They formed organic unities, having qualities and properties other than such as would be expected of a mere aggregate of their constituents. Such unities are said to emerge, and at one point one of the emergent qualities was Life. The presence of so odd a characteristic chapged the whole relatedness of the system, and the "go" of events now depended on the new relatedness which was introduced, though it involved the physico-chemical events out of which it sprang. Thus matters went on for a while, until a new arrangement of events on the Life level of development resulted in the emergence of mind. It will not end there, however, because there will always be a next emergent character, and this is called deity, by the level immediately preceding it-it is this which we chase through zeons of existence, and which, like the carrot in front of the donkey's nose, will never be caught.

So far, so good. But all this is only what Mr. Lloyd Morgan calls "natural piety." His is a "constructive" system, and that involves the invention of superfluous entities on the least possible provocation. The first of these luxuries is a correlation of a psychical event with every physical event. He seems to think that this comes in useful in giving an account of the continuity involved in heredity (p. 140), but, since he holds that all behaviour which is modified by past experience is, in any case, so modified by the actual physical traces of such past experience, the presence of this pale shadow would not appear to be essential. Again, if Life can emerge out of physico-chemical events, without some kind of suppressed life being correlated with them, why not mind

out of the Life level in the same kind of way?

The second luxury is God, for whose existence three reasons are given. By means of affectively toned words such as "higher" and "more real" (the latter is defined as more complicatedly related), Mr. Lloyd Morgan indicates that he thinks there is progress in the world; and from that the passage to purpose is easy, and the answer to "Whose purpose?" obvious. Then, since one state of development is dependent on its own type of relatedness, it looks as though there were something fundamental in "dependence"; surely the whole system must depend on something. The question as to what that something depends on is not asked. Lastly, Mr. Lloyd Morgan, with Mr. Russell, believes in physical objects because such a belief simplifies Science; and then he adds, mysteriously (p. 62):
"Can it be denied that acknowledgment of God . . . has been profoundly influential in the practical guidance of

But, as a matter of fact, the author does not invent enough, because he holds that what is "minded" as well as the "minding" are both mental happenings (p. 194). every mental happening has a physical correlate, and all we have at our disposal is the physiological process from eye to brain; this happening is correlated sometimes with the "minding" and sometimes with the "minded," but in either case we must invent a correlate for one of the two.

Lastly, we find that Mr. Lloyd Morgan cannot bear to be separated from the external world as completely as his phenomenalism would lead one to expect on logical grounds. He shrinks from a world of visual phantoms, and clings to tangible reality. Like Dr. Johnson, he believes that by means of touch you do come in contact with physical objects as they really are.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

History of the People of England.—Vol. II. 1485-166 By Alice Drayton Greenwood. (S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d.)

By ALICE DRAYTON GREENWOOD. (S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d.)

MISS GREENWOOD, in offering to the young student and general reader this new presentation of England under the Tudors and the Stewarts, deprecates the fact that she has, in faithfulness to truth, to "undermine some of the cloud-capped palaces" which "great dramatic artists like Froude and Macaulay, Carlyle and J. R. Green," reared from their vision of those times. We have here a faithful picture of movements and events with a constant eye to the sources for which the student should be grateful. In the hands of the modern historian the historical aspect becomes more complicated and less picturesque, but it is, in any case, a period full of life and colour. Its savour is conveyed by the author's gift of apt but not too copious quotation. An excellent note of the book is its treatment of the social and economic movements which complicated in a special way the economic movements which complicated in a special way the political life of those times. Religious history too finds more than usually adequate and able exposition. The sordidness political life of those times. Rengious includes than usually adequate and able exposition.

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of ne nwhich complicated the more spiritual sides of the Protestant Reformation in England is not disguised, though the preparedness for the movement among the common people is perhaps exaggerated. It is surprising to find so able a historian reproaching Henry VIII. for not setting forth sincerely the real motive for his desire for a divorce from Katherine of Aragon—his anxiety for a male heir! It is a naïve suggestion. Such an attitude on the part of the king would have argued an absence of subtlety which would certainly have nonplussed the Papacy and the Powers—but it is historically impossible. it is historically impossible.

Maud-Evelyn, &c. : The Sacred Fount. By Henry James. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. each)

We have heard it said on good authority that Henry James kept framed and glazed in the hall of his house at Rye a publisher's bill of accounts, crediting him on the yearly or half-yearly sale of his books with the magnificent sum of or half-yearly sale of his books with the magnificent sum of sixpence. It is certain that for many years one could be sure of picking up copies of his first editions, clean, remaindered, unread, for very small prices. But time has its revenges, and Messrs, Macmillan are now issuing a complete edition of the fiction in thirty-five volumes. The important fact about this edition is that the famous prefaces are to be reprinted, for the first time, so far as we know, since they appeared in the New York edition. This alone should make the new volume of particular value to lovers of Henry James. James.

The Tragedy of Central Europe. By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. (Thornton Butterworth. 21s.)

(Thornton Butterworth. 21s.)

The name of this book is misleading. It really is confined to Hungary and to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's experiences there in 1919, though there are, it is true, a chapter or two devoted to Vienna. It is a highly entertaining narrative written by a competent journalist. It becomes clear that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is too prejudiced a witness to make his evidence very valuable when it comes to the internal politics of Hungary. He went to Hungary with his mind already made up against the Communist Government, and he did not hesitate to take part in the plot for its overthrow. Nor did Sir Thomas Cuninghame, according to this narrative. The chapter on the Government of Szeged is interesting, and so are two chapters, contributed by A. Boroviczeny, A.D.C. to the ex-Emperor, on Karl's two attempts to regain the throne.

The Fifth Army in March, 1918. By Walter Shaw Sparrow. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

This, the third edition, contains new introductions, the author attacking the arguments of Messrs. Dewar and Boraston with Lord Milner's "Memorandum" as new evidence, and other recent information; General Gough adding a short tribute to the men of the Fifth Army. The book has twenty-one rather primitive maps.

THE DRAMA

THE LONDON THEATRE.

TAKING stock at the end of the season, one is bound to acknowledge an improvement on recent years. Unfortunately, we have no guarantee that progress will be maintained. The good crops up incidentally—almost accidentally—the bad is systematic. Even the most enterprising of our promoters mix the two, with exasperating caution, in the strict proportion of butter to bread, labouring, I suppose, under the delusion (which experience by now should have dispelled) that, as far as they can tell one from t'other, the bad is more as far as they can ten one from tother, the bad is more remunerative. And just as there is no consistency in management, so is there no continuity in the theatres. We do not speak of this one's work, or its tradition, or its tendency, for the simple reason that theatre, producer, designer, and cast are hired, as a taxi is hired, for a single run. Nowhere, except at the "Old Vic." and the Everyman, is there a sustained attempt by a permanent company definitely established in one building at something dramatically decent.

In recent newspaper controversies, the ball of blame, after stirring a certain amount of mud in being

trundled to and fro among the parties concerned, has usually in the end, by mutual agreement, been landed in the undefended goal of the public. But the Englishman's reputation for philistinism might be accounted for on the ground that he has fewer opportunities of seeing anything worth seeing than the citizen of other civilized countries, and none at a reasonable rate. For the price at which the Parisian bourgeois obtains without difficulty a comfortable stall, the middle-class Londoner may, after considerable waste of time and at great personal discomfort, queue his way to a bench in the pit. The rate of exchange only exaggerates a fundamental distinction. But, it may be asked, why worry to produce good plays cheaply, when you can fill the theatter. duce good plays cheaply, when you can fill the theatres by staging bad plays expensively?—Can you? Can it be shown that, even at present prices, good plays fail in anything like the proportion of bad?—No; plays get the audience they deserve, and, though fools may be attracted to trash, there remain, under present circumstances, those who can't go to the theatre because they can't afford it, those who don't because they dislike trash, and those who, though they go, would prefer something

The futility of these periodical discussions in the Press is always revealed by the ease with which the accused manage to elude responsibility. No matter what category of creature connected with the theatre you may choose to examine, his shortcomings will always prove to be the effects, not the cause, of existing conditions over which he may claim to have no control. The real trouble lies deeper, and, radically, as might be shown in every case, is attributable to the disruptive particularism of our dramatic organization.

It is a truism that the drama demands co-operation to a far greater extent than any other art. the collaboration, however loose or temporary, of a considerable number of people, a play cannot be performed at all. To attain a level at which the performance of plays can be called an art, it is necessary that the collaboration should be, not casual but systematic, not transitory but permanent. Playwrights, players, producers, painters, musicians, and stage-hands must work together steadfastly and long before they can hope to achieve that unity of Form which is the only dramatic unity that matters. This is not only sound theory; it has proved true in practice since the time when men first jumped in (or on) a goat-skin. Where and when such jumped in (or on) a goat-skin. Where and when such co-operation existed, there and then was good drama written, and there and then was it consistently performed; and in proportion as disintegration set in, so has the quality of production declined. The only known mathed of convince this said. method of securing this vital collaboration nowadays is by means of the repertory system, in the strict sense of that much-abused term; and that this type of organization alone guarantees a reasonable standard in plays and performance has been publicly demonstrated over and over again in Russia, Germany, France, and elsewhere.

The fault then, fundamentally, is one of organization. Our system results in chaos; organization results in

art, and—for actor, producer, artist, and so forth—in regular employment, adequate rest, and a sense of participation, not in a trade, but in a tradition. Then why do we persist? The only adequate excuse would be economy. But the precarious state of theatrical finance economy. But the precarious state of theatrical finance is the constant plea of our own managers. And when these gentlemen tell you that, with costs reduced, all would be well, you must not believe them. The game would merely begin over again. The immediate effect might be a slightly wider distribution of profits; the end would be the same. Better work would not result. It did not before the war, and it would not now. No; system for system, a repertory organization could hardly be, and has not elsewhere proved, economically less sound.—Then why not adopt it? Simply and solely because of the difficulty of the change. There's the rub. We are used to our muddle. It works badly, but it We are used to our muddle. It works badly, but it works; and we are always suspicious of change, especially when it means trouble. Habit, then (apart especially when it means trouble. Habit, then (apart from a few vested interests), is the only prop of this

rotten edifice.

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Meanwhile, at large, dramatic art is passing through a crucial phase. An uninterrupted dégringolade down the slopes of Parnassus has landed it, finally, in the swamps of Realism. And Realism is to drama as photography is to art. Disillusioned, we are thrown back upon first principles, and we are sadly at a loss even over them. The drama requires a theatre and the continuous co-operation of everyone in or about the theatre. So much is known. The rest is speculation. Abroad, the revolt against Realism has already made progress. The Germans, with their superhuman capacity for taking all things new equally seriously, and their subhuman inability to judge good from bad, were the natural leaders in experiment. Since then the French, working quietly, have achieved more. It seems a pity that we in England should remain stuck in the swamp merely because we are too lazy to get out of it.

For that is what it amounts to. If we want to play our rightful part in this crisis, we must somehow ourselves of the bad habit on which our futile organization rests. But we can only abolish one custom by habituating ourselves to another. We are ready to like anything in England provided it continues long enough to become an institution. Therefore, in any proposed remedy for our troubles, a prolonged period of

trial is an essential factor.

That being so, there would appear to be only two possible solutions to the problem. Some of our grannies in Parliament, instead of fussing about young men's beer and the publication of Divorce Court proceedings, might more profitably turn their attention to the removal of a scandal which leaves the people with the finest dramatic inheritance in the world practically the sole civilized nation without a State-endowed theatre. It is true that national theatres are nowhere the best. But such institutions do at least perform good plays and act as a stimulus to other independent theatres. More-over, in England, in our present difficulties, a State theatre would possess exceptional merits. It would absorb a number of stars, and it would accustom us to the That it would be run on repertory repertory system. lines I assume, not only by analogy from abroad, but also because not otherwise could the playwrights and actors on the committee of control ensure the recurrence in fair rotation of their plays and favourite parts.

The alternative remedy awaits for application an individual of wealth and—either enthusiasm or public To give true repertory only one season's trial would be to court almost certain loss. You cannot con-quer custom so quickly. But what if someone offered a quer custom so quickly. three years' guarantee? A cynic might prophesy that the first year would result in artistic success and financial failure, the last in financial prosperity and artistic ruin. Even if he were right, the experiment would have broken the ice. Others, with a blaze of advertisement, would follow in the sacred cause of art, to share the profits with those who took the risks.--You think this solution even less probable than the first ?- Wait and

FRANK BIRCH.

SCIENCE

THE PRESENT POSITION OF TUBERCULOSIS.

EVERY year in this country forty thousand persons die of tubercular disease. All the countries of Europe suffer to an approximately equal extent-proportional to population. Consequently the number of lives lost from tubercular disease is greater in each generation than the number lost during the four years of the Great War. It is probable that in England and Wales alone during the nineteenth century the tubercle bacillus killed more people than all the wars throughout the world during the same period. These general facts are well known, and are repeated here simply to emphasize the magnitude of the problem of tuberculosis, and to show that a single preventable disease is more menacing to life than national conflicts, and that war against disease

must be carried on unceasingly.

During the last forty years every civilized country has spent large sums of money in attempts to reduce the amount of tuberculosis and in providing hospitals, sanatoria, or public assistance for tubercular patients; and small sums on what may be termed direct research. The number of deaths from the disease has been slowly falling for more than half a century, but, in face of the annual loss of life and the constant drain on the wealth of the Western world, the impatient question: "Why is the disease not prevented or a cure discovered?" is understandable and deserves analysis. The obvious answer to the question is that we do not yet know enough about tuberculosis. The ideal solution of the problem is prevention, but it will be shown that, before we can devise preventive measures that shall have a rapid and measurable effect in reducing the disease, many gaps in

our knowledge must be filled.

In 1865 Villemin proved that tuberculosis could be transferred from man to the lower animals. importance of this observation was that it follows that tuberculosis is an infectious malady. This conclusion was contested by many of the leading physicians of the time, but it was triumphantly justified by Robert Koch's discovery (1882) of the bacillus of tuberculosis. Koch's demonstration that the bacillus is constantly associated with the disease "tuberculosis"—and, in the limited sense in which the term is used, is the "cause" of the disease—was complete, and has been confirmed by all

subsequent experience.

There are several varieties of tubercle bacilli now known—the "human," the "bovine," and the "avian." From the present point of view two only are of importance, the "human" and the "bovine." These two microbes, though very similar in size and chemical characteristics, and though undoubtedly closely related to one another, are yet quite distinct: the "human" variety cannot be converted into nor derived from the "bovine." Both cause tubercular

disease in man.

The "bovine" strain of the tubercle bacillus attacks cattle primarily. It is transferred to the human being in milk, and may give rise in children to tuber-cular disease of glands, bones, joints, and the abdominal cavity. It causes many deaths-about 3,000 a year in this country-and considerable suffering and deformity, but is, nevertheless, of much less consequence than the "human" variety. Further, if tuberculosis of cattle could be stamped out, the reservoir of the "bovine" bacillus would be dried up, and the corresponding human

disease would disappear.

The problem of "human" tuberculosis—the form which is caused by the so-called human variety of microbe-is much more difficult. The reservoir here is the human being himself. Further, the commonest location of the disease in the body is the lungs, and widespread dissemination of the bacilli occurs easily. At any given moment the number of persons in this country who are spitting virulent tubercle bacilli may be reckoned as not far short of a quarter of a million. It is difficult enough to isolate persons suffering from acute infectious diseases, but it is quite impossible, for obvious reasons, to segregate vast numbers of people suffering from a chronic malady. Thus we cannot hope to avoid contact with the bacillus completely.

The problem of preventing a disease is solved either if the causative organism is prevented from attack-ing the human being or if human beings exposed are rendered immune to the attack (as in vaccination against smallpox). When the natural habitat of an infective organism is such that it can be destroyed without serious effort or the circumstances under which entrance to the body is gained can be circumvented, the second method is unnecessary. Thus, the microbe which causes Malta fever is spread in goats' milk; by exterminating infected goats or by prohibiting the consumption of goats' milk, Malta fever disappears. Malaria is carried from man to man by a mosquito which breeds in stagnant water; by clearing the pools in which the mosquito breeds, malaria can be abolished.

But in human tuberculosis such simple procedures are not available. The breeding ground of the organism is man himself, and the spread of the microbe is direct from one person to another or by way of infected tissues or excreta. We are thus faced with a more difficult problem, which can be solved only by a complete knowledge of the pathology of the disease. That is to say, we must know definitely the site of entry of the bacillus into the body, the manner in which it gets a footing in the tissues, the defensive reaction of the body, and so on. A vast amount of knowledge on these points has been gained by a generation of careful and accurate experimenters, but much remains to be done.

The first part of the problem which must be considered is that of "infection." The germ gains entrance into the body either by the air passages or the alimentary tract. There is a popular belief—not confined to the layman—that when a disease-producing germ gets into the body of a man disease ensues. This may be true for some germs, but it is not true for all. There are generally circumstances which favour the establishment

of the organism within the body.

The circumstances when unknown are often called "reduced or lowered resistance," a phrase used to cloak our ignorance. It is seldom possible to state exactly the sequence of events which culminate in disease. We may know that a given germ of definite stable characters is always to be found in a given case, but this may constitute only one (but invariable) factor in the production of a disease. This fact is of general importance, and is illustrated in tuberculosis. Careful post-mortem examination of persons dead of other diseases has revealed the fact that a very large percentage—from 70 to 90 per cent., according to different observers—of people have healed tubercular lesions. It follows naturally that the vast majority of people are attacked at some time or other by the bacillus of tuberculosis. Most people "resist" the microbe and never exhibit clinical signs of the disease. In a small number the microbe gains a footing, and causes either acute or chronic tuberculosis. The factors which determine a successful issue of the struggle between the tissues and the germ are unknown. There is thus a gap in our knowledge of the first step of the tubercular process—infection, or, in a wider sense, cause. Ten years after the bacillus of tuberculosis was discovered it was wisely said by Arlidge: "I doubt if these bacilli actually develop phthisis, unless there be some antecedent change in the vitality of the tissues. . . ."

At present our efforts to abolish tuberculosis are mainly directed towards reducing the chances of exposure to the microbe. It is perfectly certain that, although this is a sure method of prevention, it is a slow one. Attempts are therefore continually being made to find a "cure." There are two methods of treatment from which a cure may be hoped for: one, the administration of chemical substances—chemo-therapy—by which the microbe is killed and the tissues are practically unaffected; the second, the bacteriological method.

With regard to the first, it may be said at once that in all parts of the world experiments are constantly being made with almost every variety of chemical compound which may be of value. But there is no general principle to guide our efforts. Success must at present depend upon an initial lucky discovery of some substance which is able to affect the issue of tuberculosis in the body. There are a number of chemical substances which kill tubercle germs in the test tube, but this has no significance at all. Thus compounds of gold kill the bacilli in vitro in dilutions of hundreds of thousands; but injected into the body of a man or animal suffering from tuberculosis they have no effect. There is abundant evidence that chemo-therapeutic agents—such as salvarsan—have no action in vitro, even in relatively strong solutions, on the same germs which in the body they may kill. It is easily seen, therefore, that the discovery of a chemo-therapeutic agent for tuberculosis is a matter of chance.

The second or bacteriological method of treatment offers more ground for hope, since there is a sound body

of knowledge from which reliable principles have been deduced. We know, for example, that if the poison which a bacillus produces during its growth in the body can be obtained, it is possible by certain biological procedures to prepare an "anti-poison" to it. We know also that it is possible to immunize the animal body to certain microbes, and our experience of these may some day be applicable to tuberculosis. The drawbacks at present to the application of these biological procedures are mainly two. First, it has not yet been possible to obtain a tubercular poison—a toxin. Poisonous products -the so-called tuberculins-have been prepared and used on a large scale, but they have proved to be of little value. There is no certainty that these constitute the poisons which damage the body cells. That there are such poisons is proved by the fact that tubercle bacilli in the body can exert an effect at a distance. The second drawback lies in the chemical peculiarities of the tubercle The exterior of the bacillus consists of a waxy hacillus coat which is resistant to body fluids. In order that an efficient immunity against a microbe may be obtained, the microbe must be soluble in the tissues and body fluids; the products of solution stimulate a response on the part of the body cells which may become effective in defence. Without passing on to technical details of the subject, it may be said that many bacteriologists are engaged in exploring this field of research.

The attempt to protect animals against tuberculosis by vaccination with an attenuated form of the bacillus is being made particularly by Professor Calmette in France. Calmette has published papers in which it is shown that cattle may be protected against infection with bovine bacilli.

It is easy to ask—as did a judge of the High Court recently—why a cure for tuberculosis has not been found, but the paragraphs above show some of the difficulties. It would be as sensible to ask why engineers have not made it possible to fly to America in half an hour.

W. E. GYE.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

We understand that a complete edition of Mr. John Masefield's poetical works, on thin paper, is in preparation, and may be out this autumn. A collected "Masefield" was produced in America some years since, but it can scarcely be met with in England. Mr. Masefield's "Selected Essays," reproduced from periodicals in one octavo volume, are still awaited from Messrs. Heinemann.

A WORK on the Netherlands, by Miss Marjorie Bowen, will be published by Messrs. Dent. Miss Bowen is writing upon the present as well as the past history of the Low Countries, and has had the advantage of access to some important stores of information in Holland.

The new volume of "Book-Prices Current," under the editorship of Mr. W. Roberts, is ready. It is conducted in that sound and adequate style associated with the preceding volumes, and gives us a glimpse of much that passed through the sale-rooms—including a desperately pallid poem by Shelley, and one of 250 copies of Mr. Masefield's "Animula"—a verse pamphlet of sixteen pages—for which the sum of \$110 was paid. In his preface Mr. Roberts refers to the fact that, although the rarest books nowadays are almost certain to pass into American collections, the American collectors are most generous in placing photographic facsimiles at the disposal of British students.

THE "Liber Studiorum" is evidently having a season. We announced lately "The Studio's" forthcoming book embodying it. Messrs. Benn, somewhat later, will produce "A History of Turner's Liber Studiorum, with a new Catalogue Raisonné," by Mr. A. J. Finberg. Two hundred and seventy collotype reproductions will be given, showing the

studies in their three stages; and Mr. Finberg is able, in the course of his introduction, to put forward fresh data from the artist's notebooks.

DR. CYRIL BURT, Psychologist to the London County Council, is writing three books on "The Sub-Normal School The first to appear will be "The Young Delinquent"; the others are "The Backward and Defective Child" and "The Unstable and Neurotic." These volumes are being issued by the University of London Press.

AT 21s. in cloth, and 31s. 6d. in half leather, Messrs. Cassell have brought out a "New Atlas." It is, indeed, a new edition of Mr. George Philip's work published in 1921 as a chart to a treaty-stricken world, but very greatly enlarged and improved. For studying the ancient and recent evolution of Europe it should be most valuable. There are 144 maps and an index.

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

*BOSANQUET (Bernard). Three Chapters on the Nature of Mind. Macmillan, 6/-.
BROWN (William). Talks on Psychotherapy. Univ. of London Press,

2/6.
DAWBARN (C. Y. C.). Applied Philosophy. Longmans, 5/-.
FIELDING (William J.). The Caveman within Us: his Peculiarities
and Powers. Kegan Paul, 10/6.
*HOBSON (E. W.). The Domain of Natural Science: Gifford Lectures.
Cambridge Univ. Press, 21/-.
*LAWRENCE (D. H.). Psycho-analysis and the Unconscious. Secker,

5/LYNCH (Arthur). Principles of Psychology: the Foundation Work of the Aletheian System of Philosophy. Bell, 21/
*MALEBRANCHE (Nicolas). Dialogues on Metaphysics and on Religion. Tr. by Morris Ginsberg. Allen & Unwin, 16/
*RICHET (Charles). Thirty Years of Psychical Research. Tr. by Stanley De Brath. Collins, 25/
SLADE (T. Kenrick). Our Phantastic Emotions: a Fresh Standpoint from which to View Human Activities. Kegan Paul, 5/6.

WHITE (A. K.) and MACBEATH (A.). The Moral Self: its Nature and Development. Foreword by A. D. Lindsay. Arnold, 6/-

GARDNER (Percy). The Practical Basis of Christian Belief: an Essay in Reconstruction. Williams & Norgate, 12/6.

HASTINGS (James), ed. The Speaker's Bible: St. Luke, Vol. I. Aberdeen, "The Speaker's Bible: St. Luke, Vol. I. Aberdeen, "The Speaker's Bible: Offices, 12/6.

KAY (David M.). The Semitti Religions, Hebrew, Jewish, Christian, Moslem: Croall Lectures. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 7/6.

MCNEILE (A. H.). New Testament Teaching in the Light of St. Paul's. Cambridge Univ. Press, 10/*PRAYER-BOOK. A New Prayer-Book: Part II. Morning and Evening Prayer. 1/-—Part III. Short Services for Occasional Use. 1/6. Milford.

PRAYER-BOOK. A Suggested Prayer-Book: being the Text in accordance with the Proposals made by the English Church Union. Milford, 5/-.

*SIMON (John S.). John Wesley and the Methodist Societies. Epworth Press, 18/-.

SIMPSON (W. J. Sparrow). Modernism and the Person of Christ. Scott, 3/6.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

**ASQUITH (Lady Cynthia). The Child at Home. Nisbet, 6/-.
BRYANT (Dr. Sophie). Liberty, Order, and Law under Native Irish
Rule. Harding & More, 48/-.
EDGE (Mai). Some Fallacies of Artificial Birth Control. Daniel, 1/-.

**GRAVES (Philip). Palestine, the Land of Three Faiths. Introd. by
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**HODGKIN (Heary T.). China in the Family of Nations. Allen &
Unwin, 7/6.

**LUDOVICI (Anthony). Woman: a Vindication. Constable, 12/-.

**NITTI (Francesco). Europa am Abgrund. Frankfurt, Frankfurter
Societäts-Druckerei.

**VIALLATE (Prof. Achille). Economic Imperialism and International
Relations during the Last Fifty Years. Macmillan, 9/-.

**WRIGHT (Harold). Population. Pref. by J. M. Keynes (Cambridge
Economic Handbooks). Nisbet, 5/-.

MEDICAL.

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. Handbook for Recently Qualified Medical Practitioners. The Association, 429, Strand, 2/6.
*STOPES (Marie Carmichael). Contraception (Birth Control): its Theory, History, and Practice. Introd. by Sir W. Bayliss. II. Bale, 12/6.

WYNNE (Prof. E.). Ductless and Öther Glands. Allen & Unwin, 4/6.

4/6.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CLAXTON (W. J.). Insect Folk at Home. II. Wells Gardner, 2/KENNEDY-BELL (M. G.). The Glory of the Garden. Black, 5/*PIENAAR (A. A.). The Adventures of a Lion Family; and Other
Studies of Wild Life in East Africa. Tr. by B. and E. D. Lewis.
II. Longmans, 7/6.

READ (D. H. Moutray). One Garden: an Intimate Chronicle of its
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KING (Georgiana Goddard). Sardinian Painting: 1. The Painters of the Gold Backgrounds. Pennsylvania, Bryn Mawr College (Longmans), 7/6.

OPPE (A. P.). Thomas Rowlandson: his Drawings and Water-Colours. "The Studio," 42/-.

ANDERTON (H. Orsmond). On Desert Islands; and Other Essays.
Oxford, Blackwell, 7/6.

**CAZAMIAN (Madeleine L.). Le Roman et les Idées en Angleterre,
1860-90. Paris, Librairie Istra (Miford), 8/5.

DUTHUIT (Georges). Le Rose et le Noir : de Walter Pater à Oscar
Wilde. Paris, Rennaissance du Livre, 5fr.

FOERSTER (Norman). Nature in American Literature : Studies in
the Modern View of Nature. Macmillan, 8/-.

**FRANCE (Anatole). Cilic; and The Château de Vaux-le-Vicomte.
Tr. by Winifred Stephens. Lane, 7/6.
GORDON (George). The Discipline of Letters: Lecture. Oxford,
Clarendon Press, 2/-.

GORDON (George). Shelley and the Oppressors of Mankind:
Warton Lecture. British Academy (Millord), 1/-.

**GREY (Viscount). Fifth Earl Grey Memorial Lecture. Milford, 1/-.

**HENDERSON (Bernard W.). A Better Country; and Other Imaginations. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/-.

**LACASSAGNE (Prof. A.). A Green Old Age. Tr. by Herbert Wilson.

17 pl. Bale, 15/-.

**MAUROIS (André). Ariel; ou, la Vie de Shelley. Paris, Grasset,
9fr.

NICHOLSON (R. A.). A Literary History of the Arabs. Fisher

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NICHOLSON (R. A.). A Literary History of the Arabs. Fisher Unwin, 15/-.

O'HIGGINS (Harvey). Some Distinguished Americans: Imaginary Portraits. Cape, 7/6.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

CHAMBERLAIN (H. S.). The Wagnerian Drama. Lane, 6/-.
DONOVAN (Thomas). The True Text of Shakespeare and of his
Fellow Playwrights. Macmillan, 2/-.

*HERFORD (C. H.). A Sketch of Recent Shakesperean Investigation,
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PENDLEBURY (B. J.). Dryden's Heroic Plays: a Study of the
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PORCHE (François). Sonates. 7fr.—Le Chevalier de Colomb. Paris,
Emile-Paul.

*ROBERTSON (J. M.). "Hamlet" Once More. Cobden-Sanderson,
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SCAIFE (C. H. O.). London: Newdigate Prize Poem. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/-.

STEVENS (David Harrison). Types of English Drama, 1660-1780. Ginn, 17/6.

TINKLER (Robert Nicolas). Domine, Quo Vadis? Religious Prize Poem. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/-.

VERNON (Frank). Modern Stage Production. "Stage" Office, 16, York Street, W.C. 2, 3/6.

WELLS (William). The Authorship of "Julius Cæsar." Routledge, 7/6.

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FICTION.

ATKEY (Bertram). Smiler Bunn, Gentleman Crook. Newnes, 2/6.
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*MALLETT (Marguerite). A White Woman Among the Masai. Il. Fisher Unwin, 21/.

NAHAS (Bishara). The Life and Times of Tut-ankh-amen. New York, American Library Service (American Book Supply Co., 149, Strand, W.C. 2), \$1.50.

PAGE (William). London: its Origin and Early Development. Constable, 14/
PHILIPS' MAIN-ROAD MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES. Philip, 1/6.

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**SHERIDAN (Clare). In Many Places. Pors. Cape, 12/6.

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*BARING-GOULD (S.). Early Reminiscences, 1834-64. II. Lane, 16/-.

*BUCHANAN (Sir George). My Mission to Russia, and Other
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Constable, 1017.

"VAN DYKE (Paul). Catherine de Medicis. 2 1018.

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"WARD (C. H. Dudley). A Romance of the Nineteenth Century:
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HESELTINE (Guy), ed. The Court Circle. Philip Gee, 7/6.

HESILRIGE (A. G. M.) and PENDEREL-BRODHURST (J.), eds.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

BANK RATE AND STABILITY OF PRICES-A REPLY TO CRITICS.

THE articles in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM on this subject have been widely quoted and have succeeded in creating a lively and useful controversy. Even the "Daily Mail" has done us the honour of a leading article entitled "The New Suicide Club," the main point of which is that the dollar exchange should be as high as possible, because in that case the burden of the American debt will be as low as possible—a point to which we will return in a later issue. The "Manchester Guardian " heads its comments " An Inflationist View -a charge which anti-deflationists can, I suppose, hardly expect to escape. If a low Bank Rate helps trade, why, the "Manchester Guardian" asks, should not the present writer "go farther and advocate a 1 per cent. Bank Rate and Government inflation to assist in providing credit for industry? Where exactly does he propose to draw the line?" He draws it at inflation. Why not? Rising prices stimulate trade unhealthily; falling prices depress trade injuriously. If prices had continued to rise sharply, as was the tendency earlier in the year, an increase in the Bank Rate would have been perfectly right. A policy of price stability is the very opposite of a policy of permanently cheap money. During the last boom the present writer preached vehemently in favour of very dear money, months before the Bank of England acted. But when employment is very bad, enterprise disheartened, and prices with a falling tendency, that is not the moment to raise the Bank Rate.

Some of our gentler critics, notably the " Economist," agree with us in our general contention, but point out that a 4 per cent. Bank Rate is really a very mild measure, since the rates at which most bank advances are made do not follow Bank Rate downwards below 4 per cent., and are therefore unaffected by the recent increase (although they would feel the full effect of a further rise to 5 per cent.). There is much force in this argument. In so far as raising the Bank Rate has no consequences, it will do no harm. A four per cent. Bank Rate is not nearly so injurious as a five per cent. rate. If the recent movement is not to be regarded as an indication of a policy which may soon require five per cent. for its maintenance, but is, so to speak, a casual act, it need not, we agree, be taken too seriously. Nevertheless, even a four per cent. rate does have consequences—psychological reactions which cause enterprise to hesitate, dearer rates for trade bills, and marked discouragement to new issues, all of which depress trade.

One apologist for the Bank—the City Editor of the "Morning Post"—has discovered a reason for its action which had not occurred to us, namely, "enormous speculative positions" in Gilt-Edged Stocks.* The object of the Bank, according to this authority, was to make these speculators unload, this step being required because they were absorbing funds "required for trade purposes." "Enormous benefit," the argument goes on, "has accrued to speculators in Gilt-Edged Stocks, who have been able to borrow money on such terms as to secure very large profits arising both out of appreciation in capital value and the difference between the interest payable on the stock purchased and the rate of interest paid to the bankers." Earlier in the year, bull

speculation in this market was certainly very profitable; but the argument overlooks the fact that for two months before the Bank Rate was raised, these bulls, in so far as they exist, had been steadily losing money. Moreover, it is cruel for those who have been predicting week by week that Conversion Loan was going to rise many points further, to turn round in this way on those who have taken their advice. If the object of the Bank was really to bring about a slump in the Gilt-Edged market, it has scored a modest success. It is possible, however, to agree that there has been a great deal of unwise investment of temporary funds in long-dated securities, especially by the financially stronger of our industrial concerns, without thinking it worth while to raise the Bank Rate merely to force these holders out.*

Many of our contemporaries, however, have shared our views in greater or less degree—the "Spectator," the "Saturday Review," the "Investors' Chronicle," the "Economist" (on essentials), the "Westminster Gazette" (with an admirably clear argument), for example; the weight of opinion making it clear that, whilst a four per cent. Bank Rate may, by itself, have only limited consequences, the policy behind it will, if it is persisted in at the cost of a further rise, provoke a wide-spread hostile criticism. Indeed, so long as unemployment is a matter of general political importance, it is impossible that Bank Rate should be regarded, as it used to be, as the secret peculium of the Pope and Cardinals of the City.

The criticism of THE NATION'S articles set forth in the City columns of the "Times" was perhaps the most interesting of all, because of the divided mind between the old school and the new, very representative of the state of mind of the City generally, which these comments show. The "Times" begins by agreeing that the object of monetary policy is to keep the price-level stable,-which is our main point. In the next paragraph it perceives that this might mean abandoning the gold standard, a step which would be "too complicated and hazardous." It continues that "the official policy is to restore the old gold parity "; that this may involve a fall in sterling prices; that "the penal monetary measures "which such a policy might require are objectionable; and that "that, at any rate, is no part of our present monetary policy,"—which finally boxes the compass. The "Times" account of the matter might seem comical, if it were not such an accurate reflection of the actual state of affairs. It used to be our policy to restore the gold standard. It has become our policy to keep prices stable. We have taken on the new doctrine, without, as yet, discarding the old, and when they are incompatible we are torn between the two. Fortunately, we cannot but feel, reading its comments carefully, that the "Times," like the "Economist," is really with us on the main issue. We attacked the grandmother of Threadneedle Street, which was very improper, and we must expect a slight peppering. But the "Times," like nearly everyone else, shrinks from the practical measures which the old doctrine would require from true believers.

J. M. K.

He did not support us, however, when, more than two months ago, we suggested in this column that long-dated Government securities might be standing rather too high.

[•] The "Economist" goes further than the "Morning Post" and thinks that the object of the Bank was to bring about speculative liquidation of all types of securities, and to shake markets generally—rather a savage procedure in view of the fact that these markets had been drooping and shaky for some little time.

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